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# DRUMMER

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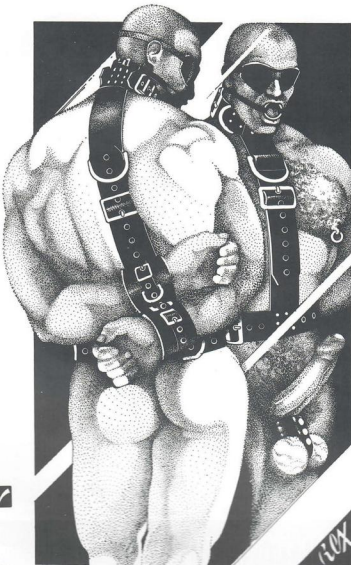
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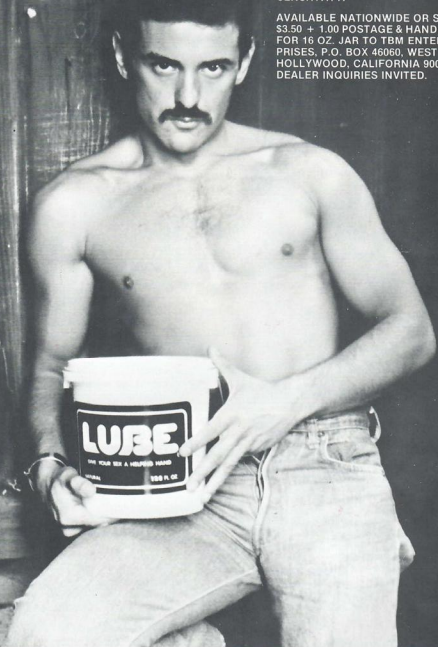


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# DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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# DRUMMER

AMERICAN REVIEW OF GAY POPULAR CULTURE

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# GETTING OFF

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** DRUMMER, the magazine of gay popular culture, has tracked "The Red Queen" in his/her racist-like dissection of gay rip-off stereotyping. DRUMMER strives to be the authentic chronicle of gay fantasies, realities, attitudes, fads, postures, and politics. Whoever is the writer of this anonymous insight, incitefully pasted up on Castro walls in the dead of night, deservedly wins our **GOLDEN DRUMSTICKS AWARD** even if DRUMMER turns out to be next on the (shit list) Remember: Just because a guy is gay doesn't mean you can trust him like a brother.

## AFRAID YOU'RE NOT BUTCH ENOUGH?

Those who join now will get a free enrollment in the **HUNGRY PROJECT**, a humanitarian program designed to eliminate world hunger by the year 7,000. The **HUNGRY PROJECT** is based on the brilliant insight that that mass starvation is not caused by the greed of the rich but by fuzzy thinking among the poor. As a member of the **HUNGRY PROJECT**, all you have to do is sign a statement saying you're opposed to hunger. That's it! Elegantly simple — you get to take a strong moral stand and keep all your middle-class privileges.

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This week only, the **CLONE** is featuring Hong-Kong-Made naughtyde baseball caps at a special reduced rate of only \$45.00 each. When you shop at the **ALL-AMERICAN CLONE**, you never have to worry about being a big hit on Castro Street. We know that conformity makes sex appeal.

With your **ZOMBIE** body and **CLONE** clothes, all that remains is to build up your middle-class values. For this, we offer the **AVOCADO EXPERIENCE**, a marathon six-day encounter-group bonanza sponsored by David Goodsteel, the multi-millionaire publisher of the **AVOCADO** newspaper. Through 108 uninterrupted hours of intense mutual sharing (at only \$650 a head!), you'll learn that whatever happens to you in life is solely your own responsibility and nobody else's.

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# MALECALL/Dear Sir:

## HAIRY HUNKS

Wow, your magazine is the greatest — I just finished reading two stories filled with action packed man sex and I loved it. I simply can't wait till the next issue comes out. I regret not having been a reader of DRUMMER before. I can't believe what I have been missing all this time. What I will do is buy all the back issues of DRUMMER so that way I will be able to catch up on those fantastic stories that DRUMMER has written before.

Your stories are great, take for instance The S&M Gym written in issue number 23. I thought it was great. To me the characters in it came alive in my mind. I simply can't wait to see what that gorgeous hunk, named Georgie does to the 225 pound muscle dude he found in the street. That's just a sample of course to say the least of DRUMMER's unclassified listing of masculine guys. I tell you when I looked at some of the hunky numbers that are listed, I quickly got out my pad and pencil and jotted down a few that I think I will check up on.

I was also very much turned on by the illustration of the hairy masculine guy all tied up in the section titled GETTING OFF. Many was the nights and still is that I dream of having a number like that one come true to life for me to warm me in those cold New-York winter nights. I have one suggestion, why don't you photograph a real man like the one I mentioned in some sort of spread for your fantastic magazine. I'm sure it'll be a real treat for myself and other readers with the same taste; which I'm sure is a very vast majority.

Keep up the good work with your hot fiction, and your great magazine: DRUMMER.

David  
Brooklyn, NY

## CLOSE SHAVES

First of all, let me say that your article on The Catacombs in Issue 23 was a real turn-on.

You'll mentioned that "the Catacombs is available for private use and may be contacted through Drummer." Could you help me gain access to the Catacombs when I am in S.F. during the last half of December?

It would mean a lot to me to be able to act out a fantasy that's been in my head since Basic Training (I'm in the Army — 11th Medical Battalion). The Catacombs sounds like the perfect place to actualize this fantasy because you state that this is "a permissive and protected spot to do your specialty." Specifically, this fantasy involves giving some hot, naked, restrained stud a shave, Mohawk,

or butch haircut. A little offbeat, perhaps, but giving some stud a shave or haircut would turn me on more than anything else in this world.

(If the Catacombs isn't the place for this, could you direct me to any bars or people that are into this?)

Anyway, I'd like to contact the Catacombs, but I'm not sure of the procedure. Perhaps you could forward this letter to them or send me an address or phone number. However, you do it doesn't matter really; just so we can get in touch with each other.

Before I close, I'd like to say that your Jim Stewart photo-essay entitled "Johnny gets his hair cut" in Issue 16 nearly made me come in my Levis. It was hot! Let's see more head shaving/haircut scenes.

Because I'm in the Army, your discretion in this matter is appreciated.

Thank you for your attention.

V.  
Texas

Hang on to your dick, Tex. The Catacombs is more and more into S&M. You can contact the 'Combs c/o DRUMMER — Ed.

## SILICONE, ANYONE?

I got Drummer Subscription from my slave at Christmas. It's the best! Each issue getting hotter!

It's N.Y.'s favorite with all the S&M men!

Have you ever done an article on silicone injection into the cock for giant meat, or use of high power electric pumps?

I understand there are men in Calif. who have done silicone and I'm interested in meeting them & knowing more about it.

Could you please fill me in on the subject? Or anyone I could write to?

Thank you.

G.K.  
New York

## GAA ANSWERS SMITH

How can a gay magazine print such a homophobic, sexist article as "Scott Smith: Heavy Rap With A Solitary Ex-Con"? While we see nothing wrong with S/M scenes performed by consenting adults of either sex or sexual preference, it is offensive to see the "fantazization" of male rape that is neither sensual or mutual. (the two factors you profess to be the most important in the leather scene). We feel that homosexuals involved in sadism have a much different, positive head towards another man than a straight bigot like Scott Smith. Any gay male turned on sexually to this

abuse should really think twice.

The vast majority of sexual assault in prison is performed by heterosexual men on homosexuals or weaker straights. It is a common everyday occurrence in inmate life, but a shocking awful experience for the "kid" involved — one that won't be easily forgotten. While male rape does release sexual tension, it is done more as a power trip to humiliate a guy and make him subservient. There is a big difference between this, and mutual S/M sex with possible scenes involving a "slave."

We the supporters of homosexual prisoners protest your "sex"ploitation of gay men behind bars in U.S. Penitentiaries, state prisons, and jails. The article about Scott Smith is just as appropriate as telling the sex-life stories of "queer-bashing punks"... and just as erotic!

In Gay Struggle,

Brian O'Dell, Chair  
N.Y. Gay Prisoner Support  
Gay Activists Alliance/NY

*Brian: Most movements lack a sense of humor. Whether or not you like it, Scott Smith is authentic. DRUMMER sympathizes with you, but Scott makes most of his living selling to gay men exactly what they can't get elsewhere. We merely chronicle it. So laugh a little. —Ed.*

#### TITS FOR TAT

When are you fuckers going to do a feature spread on nipples? A foto spread of famous-studs' nipples would be a snap: take available pics of Redford-Newman-Vincent-etc., and crop out everything except their nipples. Or take the big porn stars — Davis — Roger — Grant — and feature their tits: have them playing with their own tits — have pics of other guys sucking their tits. Do an article on tit-play from gentle sucking to tit-piercing. Most guys don't even know that they can make themselves cum just by playing with their nipples. Did you ever try to lick or to bite your own tits — can be done and it's a turn on. Cum on, you fuckers, you do spreads on everything else. A lot of guys are into tit play — give us a break.

MJM  
Cleveland

*(A Big Tit feature is in the works. For a starter, check out A. Jay's artwork!—Ed.)*

#### BONDAGE FREEDOM

DRUMMER: Your Bondage issue turned me on enough to give you a glimpse of my reaction. Here goes:

Catching the glare from that hot leather man's mirrored glasses. Feeling his intense eyes checking me over. Shiny polished handcuffs hanging from his solid hair-lined waist, making my already tightly-packed crotch jump from its base. Wanting him to overpower me, his will to control my body so he can use me for whatever sexual game that will excite his manhood, that will make his cock thick, hard, hot and ready for an intense workout.

Hearing him order me to shut up and respond only to his commands. One hand working his hardening dick through his levis, the other rubbing his densely hairy

chest, his protruding nipples. Scraping my two-week beard over his black leather chaps. The smell of burning leather as we work each other tight. How it turns me on to use my hands, my face, my tongue, my legs, all over his body. Getting him hotter by working him over.

Pushing me away, ordering me to get into my chaps. The abrupt click of his handcuffs echoes in the hall. He unhooks them, lays them open on the bed. Orders me to get him a beer and light the candles in my room, a large enough leather closet where any type of sexual pleasure can happen. The anticipation gets me hot while I leave him to do what he requests.

He's waiting for me in his chaps and dark glasses, standing, legs spread, ordering me to kneel before him. Hands extended in front of me, I do not resist the handcuffs. I can't pull my hands more than six inches apart, but I can still beat my dick. Looking up, worshipping this man's dark hairy crotch and ass. Working on the arch of his veined dark cock dominated by that gigantic thick head, his hairy bulging nuts based just below the crack of his ass. Looking so good. Smelling so hot. The rush of aroma from his crotch.

Pushing me into my room, unhandcuffing my right wrist and within seconds clanging it shut on the steel bar above my head. Chaining my left wrist to the same bar, ordering me to bend over and show him my ass. Get it up higher. Working it over. I struggle with the bar and realize that I'm locked to it. Pulling my wrists but only feeling and hearing steel against steel. The door slams shut and I am left alone. Handcuffed to a steel pole high enough that I can't kneel down. Looking at my hands, listening to the sounds as I scrape my chains over the pole, watching my helpless chained-up shadow on the closet walls being propelled by the candles loosening hot wax. Under the use that on me? He has me under partial physical control, but I can still fight if I need to. The thought of a hot stud having me locked up, preparing me for submission to his every sexual fantasy. To whip, to prod, to shave, to fuck, to work with! What does he have in mind? I wait, with no other choice open to me. Looking over my right shoulder I see the leather/sex-toy filled room behind me. Anything can be used. Anticipation — frantically yet sensual!

Click of the door. Walking in. Thick oiled prick being jacked off. Glaring at me. I want his cock! To feel my hands grabbing the shaft and pump-fucking it. I scream to be able to push my face into his ass, to eat out his armpits. Writching with desire I pull my wrists, only to feel the sharp pain of being both physically and mentally helpless. It's agonizing to watch him and not able to work on him. But that same agony makes my dick hard. Please sir. Let me go. Just to get at your body.

His hands push my legs apart and he pulls my throbbing cock and nuts back up the crack of my ass. My crotch is tied up with a chain. Tight. Pulled. Pain. I fight with ass movement, but that's not enough to help.

Shackles. No, please. My left ankle gets closed in by this old rusty shackle.

Fighting, kicking with my other leg, but he pisses. Yanking — hard — he shackles it tight to my left ankle and then pulls my chained now-harder dick back between my legs again. Agonize — Fight — Grind — Plead — Get Off! I've lost my freedom. He can work on me as he wants to. Feeling hotter. Being helpless. Having my ass, dick, nuts, tits worked on by this fucking stud! Cold beer poured down my back. Watching, feeling, desperately hanging from this pole in a closet. Chained.

Then freed for the moment. Ordered into the john, into the tub. Hands forced behind me. I fight the mother-fucker, but to no success. Rapid clicking on each wrist. The harder I fight the tighter the cuffs become. Gagged. Ordered to kneel. Pushed on my knees. What I want — chained and pissed on — warm piss against cold painfully-tight steel. The steam from my helpless body lurches my dick tight and hard. I can only feel its base from my ass. I can't even work on my own dick, but he does. He knows what I want and turns me on.

What more will he do? Water rushing over me, alerting my senses. I am pushed into the bedroom, on the bed, on my stomach. My legs are eagle-spread and tied with belt straps to the corners. Trying to get out of the straps only tightens them. But I will continue to fight. My dick gets harder with each sharp movement. Looking backwards I see him standing leather and macho above me on the bed, kicking my ass. Hitting off some poppers he glares at my ass and I know whatever he wants from me he will get. I have no other choice — I'm not going anywhere until he's finished with me. I'll fight through the end, but I won't be victorious. I don't want to be. I choose not to be. It's too fucking hot tonight!

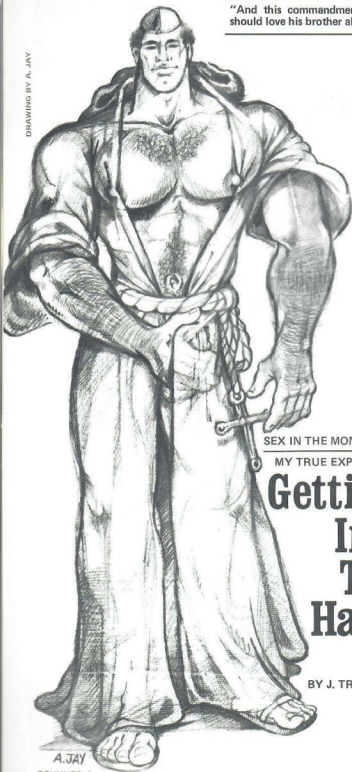
Drummer! Nobody does it better!

B.Z.  
S.F., CA

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"And this commandment we have from him, that he who loves God should love his brother also."  
1 St. John 4:21



SEX IN THE MONASTERY

MY TRUE EXPERIENCE

# Getting Into The Habit

BY J. TROJANSKI

Ten years after having left monastic life, I've finally learned just what was going on in the other cubicles of our monastery. *Dominus vobiscum*. Finally, I've learned what those "talks" with Father Novice-master were all about. *Et cum spiritu tuo*. Finally, I know why so many Brothers were ushered out of religious life so quietly and quickly. *Ite, missa est*. Finally I know why fellow Brother A spoke so highly of the walk in the woods with fellow Brother B. *Deo Gratias*.

I was dumb. Seven years I was couped up with men, forbidden female fruit. Seven years I was supposed to build communities of love. And seven years I floated in some community-in-the-sky loving the mystical body of Christ while all around me my brothers had bypassed the mystical body for a taste of the real thing.

Perhaps I was blind. Perhaps I just didn't want to see what was going on. Perhaps I was afraid I'd really start "loving" my fellow brothers and then, fear of fears, I'd be discovered and tossed out of religious life on my loving ass. So I saw nothing, heard nothing, spoke nothing, and moreover, did nothing. But Jesus did I wonder: about the grunts and groans from Brother Hank's room; about the crazy laughter from Brother Miguel's cubicle when Brother Phil rushed out, half-naked, his bathrobe trailing his ass down the hall; about the cheshire grins between Brother Ray and Brother Jon after they had taken another hike together for the afternoon; about those retreats that some brothers always were organizing to take five or six students off for a weekend of indoctrination and persuasion.

The inside poop came from fellow religious comrades, now ex-brothers, living the kinds of licentious lives expected of those who drop the habit. From their stories I have pieced together this sexual tapestry of life with 200 dedicated, religious, fervent, horny young men.

## THE NOVICE WHO WASN'T

Young 17 and 18 year old boys left their homes, '58 Chevys, and sophomore girlfriends and made their way to upper New York state to live a novitiate year of solitude and sobriety as they prepared for religious life as novices. And all this without sex. Now, imagine an 18 year old guy without sex. Difficult, isn't it? The novice who wasn't was Brother Michael, 18 years old, star quarterback for Ohio's top ranked high school football squad, president of the senior class, a rugged young man with sandy blond hair, whose academic credentials, leadership record and athletic prowess made him a high score card for the Brothers who sought out religious recruits with a vengeance. They had successfully persuaded Mike to give up his girlfriend and his scholarship to Ohio State and to join them.

Father Novicemaster took an instant liking to Novice Michael. We all knew that Mike was a favorite. But we wondered why Mike was often "forced" to



## I HAD AN ITCH, AN ANNOYING ITCH UNDER MY BALLS AND I COULDN'T SEE WHAT THE PROBLEM WAS SO I WENT TO BROTHER PHILIP.

stay on the Novitiate grounds with Sancta Poppa while the rest of us trudged out on our monthly 25 mile hike over upper New York State. Mike, we suspected, was helping Father Novicemaster relax while we were gone.

"Eat my flesh, Mike."

"Deo Gratias."

"Drink my juice, Mike."

"Deo Gratias."

"Take my love, Mike."

"Deo Gratias."

"Take my hand, Mike."

"Deo Gratias."

"Kiss my body, Mike."

"Deo Gratias."

"Let's be naked in love together, Mike."

"Deo Gratias."

"Let us pray." (Father Novicemaster lowered Mike's head down to his own head.) "God has commanded that we love one another. Therefore we eat one another's flesh and drink one another's juices, mindful that the Lord himself gave up his body and blood as our food. Let me part of us, no entrance nor exit remain secret from the other, for in loving we must be open. We must love as we give (Father Novicemaster shoots his bodyjuice into Mike's mouth) and take, in the name of our Lord, Jesus Christ, forever and ever."

"Amen."

### BOURBON BROTHERS IN CHRISTIAN LOVE

We had left the Novitiate to become students, scholastics we were called, full-fledged Brothers, studying, working, praying, and loving each other. The shared rooms of the Novitiate were behind us. Each of us could now boast our own 10 x 8 ft. cubicle. A wooden accordion door was our privacy from the common corridor.

Brother Miguel's cubicle was three doors from me. Despite a 9:30 lights out curfew in the monastery, I often heard Brother Miguel's accordion door open and close during the night as the rush of bathrobes and slippers down the linoleum hallway broke the Grand Silence. Brother Gene, now a graphic designer for a New York advertising firm, tells this story.

Miguel had invited me to his room after night prayers. He said he had some bourbon he wanted to share with me. Lights went off at 9:30 and I tiptoed to Miguel's room, my heart pounding should Brother Philip discover me during one of his flashlight prowls through the monastery's corridors.

Miguel was in his underwear, cross-legged on his bed. A penlight cast a sad pinpoint on a picture of a naked crucified Christ who vaguely resembled a Puerto Rican street hustler. Miguel welcomed me to his bed in hushed whispers and with an extended bottle of Seagrams. I didn't hesitate to start swigging the juice. There wasn't much talking since whispering took such an effort. We soon were feeling the booze effects on our monastic stom-

achs. But the bourbon brought new freedom. Freedom for Miguel to run his hand over my underwear when he passed me the bottle. Freedom for me to "accidentally" brush his crotch with my foot as I readjusted my ass on his bed. And true to form, freedom became license and Brother Miguel and I were soon tugging at each other's anxious underwear, seeking to glimpse, touch, taste, the stiff tools poking at our fruits of the loom. After all, we told each other now, in what was certainly more than hushed whispers, this is a community of love and we have been commanded to love our fellow brothers. Shouldn't our Christian love be total?

We finished the bourbon as we celebrated total Christian love. Christian love that went in and out. Christian love that 69'ed itself. Christian love that sucked. Christian love that shot up each other's Christian assholes. It was consummated, and like the naked crucified Christ pin-spotted by Miguel's penlight, we passed out of this world, waiting for resurrection with the 5:30 bell.

### HOLY PROBINGS IN THE INFIRMARY

Brother Philip was the infirmarian for us scholastics. He was a handsome man with soft green eyes that welcomed you every pain and with a pat on your shoulder that must have been half the cure of any imagined or real sickness. No wonder there always seemed to be a steady stream of sickies to his infirmary.

Donald Core, now a real estate salesman in Cincinnati, relates his first encounter with Brother Philip.

I had an itch, an annoying itch under my balls and I couldn't see what the problem was so I went to Brother Philip.

He welcomed me into the white sterile infirmary where every cotton swab joined in unison with every aspirin to chant the praises of monastic cleanliness, neatness, and in this case, Philip's own anal compulsiveness.

"I got an itch."

"An itch? Where, Don?"

"Down here." I pointed to my crotch. "But I don't know what seems to be causing it. I can't see down there."

Brother Infirmarian smiled reassuringly to me. It was the kind of smile that told me he'd uncover my problem, and enjoy the investigation.

I dropped my pants and my underwear and laid back on the cold plastic couch as he had directed.

"You're gonna have to lift and spread your legs apart." I did as I was commanded.

His head went down to within six inches of my asshole as his fingers poked about the base of my scrotum.

"I don't see any rash or pimple," he noted. "A little salve on the area will help." I felt him rub a cool cream on the space between my asshole and my balls. I fought to keep my cock limp but the touch of his hand made me rise. He paid

no attention to my hard-on as he continued to rub the area.

"I'm gonna spread it all over this area so the itch won't spread." I felt his greasy finger probe my asshole. He inserted his finger in, twisting it, turning it. He was acting eminently professional in treating his "patient." My hard cock was fully erect now. He probed his finger deeper, massaging my prostate until I could no longer hold back. Gobs of white cum spurted over my stomach as Brother Philip watched and finger-massaged my itch.

He pulled his greasy finger out of my ass. "I think your itch will be better now, Brother Don. The salve should help."

I thanked the monastery's infirmarian and left with his advice to return should the itch reappear. I returned once a week for the next six months.

### "JESUS CHRIST, GIVE ME DEEP CHRISTIAN LOVE"

Love and friendship were constant themes running through my early religious training. We were constantly being encouraged to deepen our love for our fellow brothers. Sometimes a walk in the woods was a way to pull away from the crowd and deepen those relationships. Brother Jon told me about the successful efforts of Brother Ray to deepen his brotherly love for his fellow brother.

Brother Ray had invited me to take a hike with him for the afternoon. A turn-on to me, Ray was older than the others in my group by a few years and seemed to take a special interest in the younger recruits. He marched in the forefront of the touch-me-feel-me-get-to-know-your-brother-better crowd. He was a deep one. And every brother who had an encounter with Ray seemed transfixed and glassy-eyed by the I-Thou he could lay on thick.

We had hiked three miles up into the woods surrounding the monastery property when we decided to rest.

"I'm really impressed with you, Jon. You seem to want to be a part of the full religious experience."

That was a direct beginning. So I followed directly. "Yeah, Ray, I want to be a loving brother."

"Someone who gives, who's open, who's aware of his brother's needs?"

"Yeah, Ray, that's it. That's how I want to be."

"You know, Jon, you gotta start on a one to one basis before you can love the world." He reached around and massaged the back of my neck. I tensed up instantly.

"There. See. You're uptight about Christian love. A loving brother can touch openly without fear. He's not afraid of a fellow brother's hand."

I hesitated. "I'm not afraid. I'm open to touching."

Ray moved closer to me, his arm around my shoulder, pulling me closer to him. "Let's take these clothes off. We can lie in the sun and take in God's

beautiful warm day."

We took our clothes off. When I hesitated at my underwear, Ray told me to be free and open. We were alone. Two Christian brothers in love with God. Why be ashamed? How could I deny this? He did have a point.

For half an hour we lay naked next to each other without touching. We talked about loving and becoming sensitive to our Brother's needs. Brother Ray began to rub my back with his hand.

"Feel good?"

"Yeah. I like getting my back massaged."

His hand dropped down to the cheeks of my ass. He pressed them tightly with his hands. He was kneeling over me now and began moving his hand up the crack of my ass. My cock had hardened between my stomach and the grass.

"Jon, I feel the men to show you the maximum love of a Brother for another Brother. I love you deeply and want to express my deep Christian love for you." He reached into his napsack, unscrewed a jar, and returned his hand to the crack of my ass. I could feel a cool lubrication slide between my cheeks to my hole, his finger probing it.

Then he pressed his brawny, 200 lb. body on top of me. I could feel his hard cock sliding between my ass cheeks and searching out my hole. I let him in with little fight and soon his body was banging against my own.

"Let's love each other, Jon. Let's love together, complete, whole. Let's be loving Brothers with Christ resurrected. Give yourself to my love. Give yourself, oh..." shhhhh. Ray collapsed on me, his love coursing up my young brotherly love canal. We lay there exhausted, Me, I had shot my juice over the grass. So this was deep Christian love. I wanted more of it, and knew I'd get more on many more walks in the woods with Brother Ray.

## YOUNG RECRUITS

Religious Brothers don't propagate; they recruit. It's the only way they have to insure the survival of their species. Weekend retreats with college freshmen were one way to isolate potential recruits for indoctrination and persuasion. One ex-brother recounted a weekend retreat with two other former brothers and six college guys who had shown an interest in joining the ranks of Jesus.

Brothers Tom, Frank, and Dean taught at one of the religious order's more prestigious colleges where the recruit material was high calibre. They had organized a weekend retreat with six members of a club they had organized on campus, *Jocks for Jesus*. The Brothers had thought of everything including three cases of beer for an evening "encounter-prty" that would occur in the midst of the retreat.

Each Brother had spent Saturday working with the individual students, selling them on religious life and its advantages. Saturday night would be a party for brothers and students to come together, celebrate a bit, and get into some group interaction. The kind of group interaction the Brothers had in mind, however, was not necessarily what the students were expecting.

An hour into the get-together, the beer continued to flow and brothers and students alike began to feel a bit more loose. Brother Frank signaled the other Brothers to begin moving the evening on to some new levels of experience.

"O.K., everyone. We want to get on with the personal encounter part of this party," Brother Frank belted over the talking and partying. Conversations fizzled out and the group gathered in a circle. Despite the beer on their brains, the boys eased off their usual roudiness and assumed positions of relative attention.

"Part of being a total loving Christian is hanging up our hangups about touching and being with others. Jesus was not afraid to let John lay his head on his shoulder. We have to overcome uptightness about our bodies." Everyone nodded in accord and Brother Frank continued.

"Tom, Dean and I have planned out some religious activities which can help all of us become more free. If you feel threatened by these exercises, then you should leave and go to your room and maybe consider why you are bothered."

"And guys," Brother Dean interjected, "you should give yourselves over to these activities in faith. We've been through them. We know they work and they are good for you."

The boys were with them. So the three religious Brothers proceeded.

"Clothes can get in the way of our encounter with Christ present in our midst. Therefore, we want everyone to get down to their underpants."

The boys hesitated. It seemed a strange directive, but since the three Brothers were beginning to take off their clothes, the six students followed their lead. Dean had doused the lights and lit four candles.

With everyone in their underwear, Brother Frank continued: "O.K., guys, we want everyone to lay down, on his back with his head to the center." The group obliged and soon there were nine young men in a wheel formation on the floor of the retreat house. The first exercise was aimed at getting everyone used to touching each other.

"Now let's close our eyes and realize that we are one body, joined together in the Lord," Frank continued solemnly. "Now grab hold of the hand of the guys next to you." A squirmish of laughter rippled through the wheel of prostrate young men. But they did as they were directed. "Let us now lift up our joined hands above our heads and repeat after me: We are one body in Christ."

"WE ARE ONE BODY IN CHRIST."

"We are open to loving and serving our fellow brothers."

"WE ARE OPEN TO LOVING AND SERVING OUR FELLOW BROTHERS."

"We touch our fellow brothers in love and concern."

"WE TOUCH OUR FELLOW BROTHERS IN LOVE AND CONCERN."

"Let no part of us, Lord, be distant from our brother."

"LET NO PART OF US, LORD, BE DISTANT FROM OUR BROTHER."

Brother Frank sighed. Everyone seemed to be into the activity. Onto exercise number two.

The nine men found in a circle around

Brian Karlana, a dark-haired, freshman squad wrestler who had volunteered to be the central figure in this exercise. The Brothers directed Brian to stand in the center of the group and be stroked by the bodies of the other guys as they continued to hold their hands up in the air.

Boys and Brothers pressed together around Brian. "Show Brian our concern for him," Brother Frank urged as the group pressed tightly, rubbing their bodies against Brian.

While the group pressed against each other, the three brothers pulled down their own underwear and continued pressing naked against the boys.

"The Lord has commanded us to free ourselves of all that hinders our relationships with others. Trust in God, he is our Savior," Brother Tom chanted. Soon all the boys had removed their underwear and were rubbing against one another. Stiff dicks on Brother Tom and Frank signified erections in the others. Soon the group was hard and horny. Hands came down to touch each other in this religious encounter.

Brother Tom's voice belled out a litany of encounter:

"Love the Lord in your fellow brother."

"*Deo Gratias*," Dean and Frank responded.

"Love the Lord in the body of your brother." Tom's hand stroked his sacred shaft while a student knelt at his feet licking his balls.

"*Deo gratias*."

"Love the Lord in the mouth of your brother."

"*Deo gratias*."

"Love the Lord in the hair of your brother."

"*Deo gratias*."

"Love the Lord in your brother's balls." Tom had shoved the jock's face under his balls.

"*Deo gratias*."

"Love the Lord in your brother's ass."

"*Deo gratias*."

"Love the Lord in your brother's cock."

"*Deo gratias*."

"Taste and see how good the Lord is." Tom shoved the jock's mouth on his cock and heaved as he spurted his brotherly juice in the young recruit's mouth.

"*Deo gratias*."

"Happy the man who gets into the Lord," Frank prayed out as he pushed his cock deeper into Brian's asshole.

"*Deo gratias*."

The room was a holy pile of bodies, with Brothers and jocks sucking each other, licking each other's asses, taking turns fucking each other, jacking off, cuming over one another, kissing, and in the true Christian spirit, being open to the Lord in their fellow man.

The Christian encounter session lasted until early in the morning when each of the three brothers took two students back to his room.

The work of recruitment was difficult. But recruiting jocks for Jesus was indeed a holy thing. It would not be the last weekend that Brothers Frank, Tom and Dean would bring together a select group of young men to give them a taste of religious life.





IT WAS DEFINITELY A DAY TO REMEMBER  
WHEN THAT SWEET, UNSUSPECTING TELEPHONE MAN  
WAS ASSIGNED TO OUR ADDRESS — WE REMEMBER IT AS

# THE DAY THEY INSTALLED THE PHONE IN THE DUNGEON

A BRIEF DRAMA OF DISCOVERY  
AND SACRIFICE, OF PATHOS AND  
BULLSHIT. GOT NOTHING ELSE  
TO DO? READ ON ...

OH, PLEASE SIR.  
HAVE MERCY ...

AUUGGH!

ABANDON  
HOPE, ALL YE  
WHO ENTER  
HERE

MA  
BELL  
CARES  


DO IT  
AGAIN!

"MORE!  
PLEASE"

"MORE!"

"MORE!"

Photography: DAVID SPARROW  
Model: ERIK RICHMOND  
Dialogue: ROBERT PAYNE  
Choreography: THE D.I.  
Locale: THE QUARTERS  
Six Packs & Lube: DRUMMER



"WHAT TH' HELL KINDA PLACE IS..."

"HII I'M FROM THE TELEPHONE COMPANY..."



"GOOD. PUT IT RIGHT DOWN THERE."

"YESSIR! WHAT COLOR WOULD YOU LIKE?"



"BLACK!"

"YESSIR!"



"DID YOU SAY SOMETHING, SIR?"

"YEAH. HOW DO YOU LIKE WORKING FOR THE PHONE COMPANY KID?"



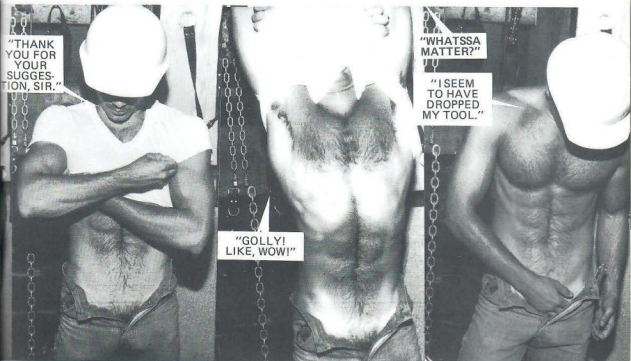
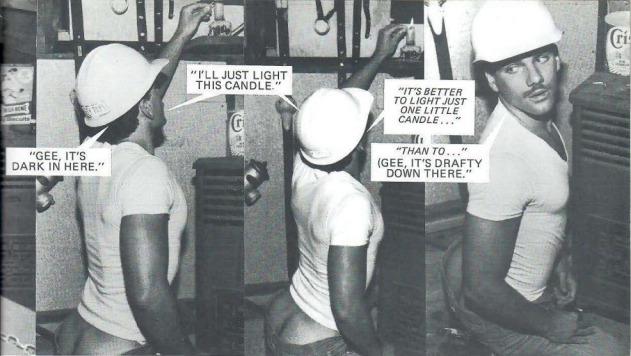
"THEY'RE VERY NICE SIR."

"SIR!?"

"WHY DON'T YOU TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT, MAN?"



"WELL, IT DOES SEEM TO BE GETTING WARMER..."





"HERE, I'LL  
HELP YOU  
FIND IT."

"I REALLY THINK  
IT IS HERE IN THE  
FRONT, SIR."




"WELL, YES  
BUT THE  
SEARCH  
SEEMS TO  
HAVE UNDULY  
EXCITED ..."



"OH, SURELY  
NOT, SIR."

"I TOLD YOU  
TO GET YOUR  
HANDS OFF  
YOUR DICK."

"RAISE YER  
LEGS AND  
I'LL SHOW YOU!"



"BUT IT BECOMES  
SO STIMULATED ..."



"HERE'S ONE  
WAY TO KEEP  
YOUR GODDAM  
HANDS OFF IT."



"THANK YOU FOR  
RELIEVING MY  
PROBLEM, SIR.  
BUT WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING  
BACK THERE?"



"WHAT WOULD  
THE UNION SAY?"

SIR!  
PLEASE!  
SIR!

JESUS!



"IT DOES THIS  
QUITE OFTEN,  
SIR..."

"GETCHER  
HAND OFF  
YER DICK!"



"OOPS,  
SORRY,  
SIR."

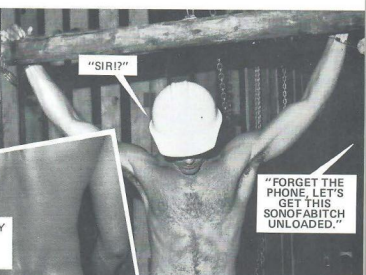


"WHERE  
SHALL I  
PUT YOUR  
INSTRUMENT,  
SIR?"




"BUT HOW WILL  
I EVER INSTALL  
YOUR TELE —"

"SIR!?"



"SPEAK DIRECTLY  
INTO THE  
MOUTHPIECE,  
SIR."

"FORGET THE  
PHONE, LET'S  
GET THIS  
SONOFABITCH  
UNLOADED."



AND IS OUR HERO ANY  
WORSE FOR HIS DAY OF  
DUNGEON INSTALLATION.  
WAS HIS SACRIFICE TO KEEP  
A TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBER  
HAPPY WORTHWHILE?  
HAS IT CHANGED HIS  
LIFESTYLE? TAKE YOUR HAND  
AWAY FROM YOUR FLY  
AND TURN THE PAGE...



MGWUUUMPH!



FOR THE MACHO MALE

HARRY  
CHESS

MICKEY  
MUSCL

PECS  
Q'TOC

FOR  
SALE

84 505

PROPERTY  
OF  
AL-  
SID

X110  
2010

SOLD

THE END  
UP

OMG  
1-16-0708

808  
879-5902

WANT FOR  
DALTONS

♂

.. AND SO, GENTLE READER,  
NEITHER WIND NOR SLEET  
NOR DARK OF NIGHT CAN  
KEEP YOUR STALWART  
TELEPHONE MAN FROM HIS  
APPOINTED ROUNDS.

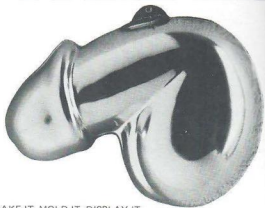
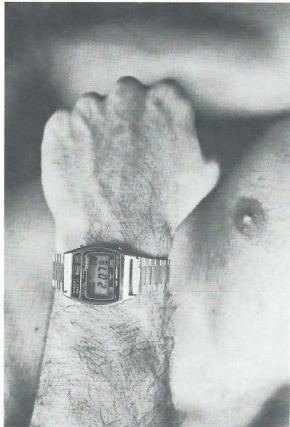


# DRUMMER GIFT GUIDE



Men's gifts that keep on giving

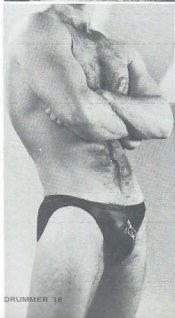
# GIFTS HE WILL LOVE



## BAKE IT, MOLD IT, DISPLAY IT.

Planet Molds, Inc. did this big number for use as a mold for salads or geletins or whatever or a cake pan. We have this one hanging in the hallway to startle the unwary. Highly reflective aluminum finish. From the Pleasure Chest for around \$20.

Guard his bankroll with this ORGY ROOM WRISTBAND in soft leather with snaps. Zippered billfold inside keeps his look where he knows it to be. Mr. S in London will give you one for about \$15.



IT'S A WATCH!  
IT'S A CHRONOMETER!  
IT'S AN ALARM! And it's a bargain at about half what the same watch would cost from most big name companies. Windert Watches will part with these in silver or gold finishes for about \$100.

CLASSIC BIKINI in basic black. An all-time winner that is always popular for the wearer and the observer. Industrial zipper to get at things and an elastic top will make the wet-look Cire fit like his second skin, \$9.95 from The Leather Emporium.



# VE YOU FOR



**LEATHER VEST** of soft top grade leather fitted to flatter. Great for when a jacket is too much and you still want leather. From the Ambush Leather Shop for about \$45.

**Open End LEATHER SHORTS** that lace up the sides. Open front and back for easy entry. \$25 should do it at Leather Forever.

**LEATHER HOOD** with detachable mouth and eye covers. Laces up the back. Beautiful workmanship. \$65 at Taste of Leather.

**HEAD HARNESS W/PLUG** to shut him up or open him up as necessary. More or less comfortable and certainly practical. At \$30, a real necessity. Taste of Leather



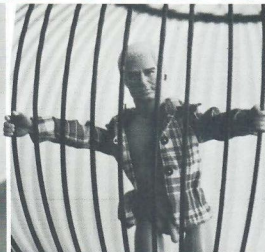
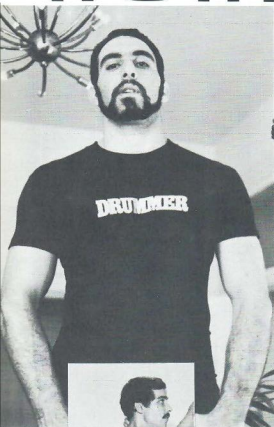
From The Leather Game comes a super **LEATHER JACKET** with 'fur' collar and tailored fit. We've seen them for a lot more but this one is yours to give for \$150.

**HIGHWAY PATROLMAN'S BOOTS** that will last close to forever. Lace up fronts, leather soles, naturally. A mere \$94 from Folsom Street Macho in San Francisco.



# OR WITH...

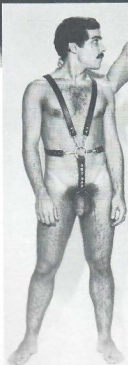
# IT'S THE THOUGHT



Put GAY BOB where he belongs. Nude he is more complete than G I Joe or Barbie's friend Ken. Clothed, he is even more fashionable. Comes with his own closet. Get two and start a family. About \$15 in most stores. Cage optional.

## DRUMMER T-SHIRT

Flash it around that you don't read those sissy publications. Printed in white on a black Joskey-Brute all-cotton shirt that will outwear the wearer. Form-fitting evidence that you march to a different drummer. A modest \$7.95 from Alternate Publishing, San Francisco. Leather Fraternity T-Shirts same price, same source.



## HARNESS UP YOUR FAVORITE SLAVE.

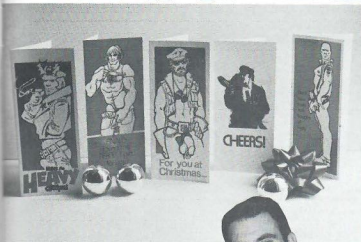
Adjustable four-snap leather harness that will hold it up and in place. Well-made to be worn alone or under clothing to keep him remembering to whom he belongs. Custom made by Taylor of San Francisco at \$50.

For the man who has everything, give him 5 GALLONS OF LUBE. Beautiful black and white tub that makes a great planter when it is empty. Only \$100 including shipping from the LUBE folks.



**SNAP-ON STUDDED COCK RING** and matching **WRIST-BAND** from Leatherworld. Both adjustable and of top-grade cowhide.

# IT THAT COUNTS.

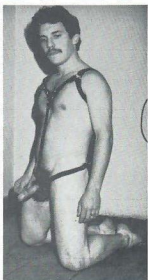


**HEAVY DUTY STEEL CHAINS** to help keep track of him. Modeled after marine shackles, these are heavy and durable. Fasten with bolts and/or locks. What fun. He'll never get through the airport security with them, however. From Taste of Leather for about \$60 a set.

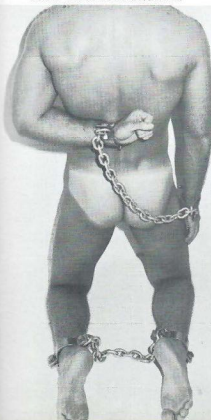


**GAY GREETINGS** for the holidays and most occasions. Two dozen designs to choose from including six for Christmas. Get a dozen with matching envelopes for \$5.95 or the whole twenty four for \$10. The Leather Emporium in San Francisco.

**'PROFILE' LEATHER HARNESS** is adjustable and centers on the upper chest, then the pelvis area. Worn by John Nathe from Leatherworld in San Francisco. \$45.



**THE ULTIMATE GIFT** is, of course, your very own slave. Top man, or in this case — bottom, is wearing leather pants by Malehede Leathers in Chicago. Source for slaves varies.



**SLING SHOT** wet-look nylon **POSING POUCH** to wear around the house or pool. Covers everything that needs covering and exposes about everything else. Show him off to advantage for about \$15. From Leather Emporium.





"COWBOYS ride  
longer & harder in  
HANGIN' TREE  
LEATHER!"



# WESTERN style TOYS from HANGIN' TREE LEATHER®

MODELED by our COWHANDS!

JUMBO COLOR ILLUSTRATED  
PRINTED CATALOG...\$3

35mm COLOR SLIDE SET (5)...\$6

LEATHER 'TOYS' 200' film...\$15  
400'...\$30 Overseas add 10% shpg

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Calif. add 6% tax & must state 21

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8mm COLOR!  
FOUR HOT REELS!

WRANGLER IN EACH!

- #1-SOLO \$26
- #2-CHRISTY TWINS \$36
- #3-ROGER \$41
- #4-AL PARKER \$36
- ALL FOUR PARTS \$127

FREE! 2 pair Special Glasses  
with each order.

Must State 21.  
Free Brochure Included.  
HANGIN' TREE  
RANCH®

P.O. Box >48  
Monterey, CA 93940

(Calif. add 6% tax &  
Overseas add 10% shpg)

# ASTROLOGIC

**SCORPIO:** (Oct. 23-Nov. 21): Ever gotten into piercing? With proper application of this and a box of shiny ornaments, you can turn your M into a glowing surrogate Xmas tree.

**SCORPIO M:** Did Elvis Presley sing "I'll Have a (Black and) Blue Christmas Without You" as a lonesome paean to self-flagellation?

**SAGITTARIUS S:** (Nov. 22-Dec. 21): Strap eight horny slaves to a sleigh and drive them over rooftops of leather bars.

**SAGITTARIUS M:** If your nose won't light up red like Rudolph, your ass may after the sleigh whip kisses it.

**CAPRICORN S:** (Dec. 22-Jan 20): Try something in a Western motif. Stake your M out on an ant hill and pour honey into his pubic hair.

**CAPRICORN M:** Save time and expenses for your S; invest in an ant farm and a hive of African bees.

**AQUARIUS S:** (Jan. 21-Feb. 29): Start the holiday season and the new year out on a charitable note. Give slaves as gifts.

**AQUARIUS M:** Hope that you're given to a hot, macho S as a gift and he makes your day by taking you to the Exchange Dept. of a nearby Woolworths.

**PISCES S:** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20): This holiday, try a variation on an old Christmas song: For the 12 days of Christmas, give your slave, or someone you love, a lash from a bullwhip for each of the 12 days.

**PISCES M:** On the 12th day of Christmas, try getting a partridge in a pear tree shoved up your ass.

**ARIES S:** (Mar. 21-Apr. 19): Getting invited to many seasonal parties? Piss in a Wassall Bowl.

**ARIES M:** Go to a party dressed as a Wassall Bowl. (Does anyone really know what one looks like?)

**TAURUS S:** (Apr. 20-May 20): Start the new year off with a bang—hide firecrackers in your slave's dildoes.

**TAURUS M:** Give new meaning to the old cliché, "Pardon me, Sir, but do you have a light?"

**GEMINI S:** (May 21-June 21): Being a dual personality—both of them usually mean—learn to flog two Ms at once. Practice your rhythm.

**GEMINI M:** Your dual personalities are, of course, bad, worthless, grovelling and a disgrace. In fact, you might even consider getting rid of one personality entirely... or better yet, let your S get rid of it for you.

**CANCER S:** (June 22-July 21): Yes, Virginia, even Sadists can be homebodies if born under this domestic sign. Give a party in your dungeon and have all your slaves exchange gifts under your heavy-handed direction.

**CANCER M:** Give another slave syphilis. Don't bother to gift wrap.

**LEO S:** (July 22-Aug. 21): On those cold winter nights snuggled up with your M, piss in the bed.

**LEO M:** Learn to shiver in silence.

**VIRGO S:** (Aug. 22-Sept. 22): Being sensitive and creative, give gifts this year that any good M would appreciate. But how do you wrap pain?

**VIRGO M:** Oh joy, just what you've always wanted: a gaily wrapped box of Whiteman's Scat Samplers.

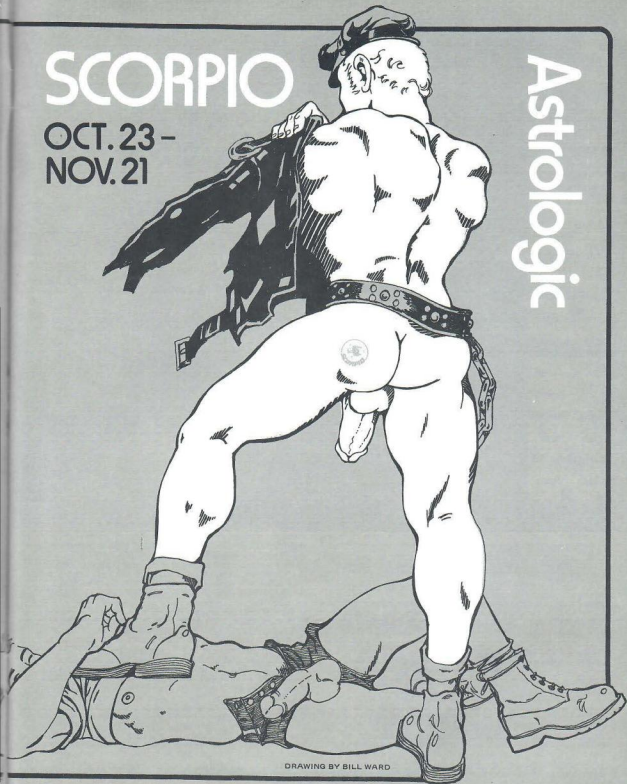
**LIBRA S:** (Sept. 23-Oct. 22): Instead of Mistletoe this year, why not hang an M? **LIBRA M:** Ah those holiday smells: dirty boots, sweaty sox, leather jackets, musty cello, amy!... Of course, with those, any day's a holiday.



# SCORPIO

OCT. 23 -  
NOV. 21

Astrologic



DRAWING BY BILL WARD

# S&M GYM

By G. B. MISA

## CHAPTER TWELVE ONCE A SLAVE ALWAYS A SLAVE

I closed my eyes, savoring the multitude of hot tongues licking my toes . . . between them . . . on my instep . . . my heel . . . tongues and more tongues slipping and sliding on my young flesh . . . slobbering their way upwards . . . hungrily licking their way up my calves to my rock hard thighs and one bold tongue foraging ahead, searching and finding the hairy crack of my asshole and . . .

"Fuck off!" I yelled, still with my eyes closed. The hot and hungry tongues stopped licking . . . stopping slurping on my body. There was a unanimous groan and a deep sigh and they waited . . . the tongues waited for the command from their new master . . . their God.

I opened my eyes at last, staring down at them contemptuously . . . triumphantly in command from my superior position above them on the old fashioned, trough shaped urinal underneath the 200 watt naked light bulb. I was giving them the show of their life in this stinking toilet in the basement of the bar on the Embocadero. Yeah, their collective mouths had fallen open when I'd ripped off my clothes and began my posing routine bare assed naked. Now I gave them one last pose to remember me by. Elbows bent, wrists against my hips and

then the sudden out thrust of my massive chest, defining my heavy pectoral muscles and bulging the V of my lats . . . accenting the criss cross sinews of my ironed stomach. I waited . . . finally the awed, almost cathedral hush . . . at last broken by a cadence of passionate breathing . . . lustful breathing . . . faster and faster . . . somehow moving to a climax as I held my pose.

BEAUTIFUL MOTHER FUCKER!  
INCREDIBLE!

I'M COMING . . . I'M . . . AGHHHH! SHIT!

Yeah . . . they were shooting off like firecrackers, their eyes riveted on my muscular body. I couldn't help thinking . . . wouldn't it be wonderful if I could have this same audience at the Mr. Bay Area Contest . . . and wouldn't it be the cat's meow if they could show their appreciation by jerking off instead of clapping their hands? And what if the verdict at the Mr. Bay Area Contest was not by a panel of judges but was determined by how much gism was expended, or possibly by the number of orgasms the audience had over a particular contestant? Yeah, jackoffability! Wouldn't that be right down to the MEAT of the situation. And wouldn't it take the cheating out of all physique contests? Yeah, all the crooked politics would go down the tube and be replaced by a pure, animal response.

Then I saw the dirty blond guy in the tight suede pants.

What I remembered about him was his perfect, beautiful teeth. He was the guy who'd given me the aspirin when I'd been up stairs in the bar. Then it slammed into my consciousness. Of course, it hadn't been aspirin. He had given me some mind altering drug. Maybe it was acid! After all, what was I doing naked in a filthy toilet on the Embocadero? For a second I felt like punching out the son of a bitch. But then I realized that I was having myself a ball and I felt great . . . as if I was plugged into some universal electric dynamic.

Then the dirty blond in the tight suede pants did something very strange and I wasn't sure if it was a hallucination or not. One second he was smiling at me with his perfect teeth. Then his hand reached up to his mouth and suddenly the smile was gone from his face. The lips sagged inward. Then I looked down at his hand. The smile was in the palm of his hand. There was no two ways about it. His false teeth were grinning at me . . . from the palm of his hand.

He took a step forward. His head was parallel to my dick as I was still standing on the trough shaped urinal. "Can I gum your cock, sir?" he asked.

I didn't have to answer verbally. My dick responded by getting even harder and pressing against his cheek. It was dribbling. The dirty blond didn't need any more encouragement. A second later I felt his gums biting down on my rock hard prick. Geysers of passion filled my body. "Gum it, baby! Gum it!" I moaned.

Now the rest of my sex slaves went wild with passion. I closed my eyes, leaning back against the filthy wall of the toilet, grooving on the feel of their tongues . . . searching, seeking my body. Wet tongues . . . burning hot tongues . . . it was as if I was being lifted up by the tongues . . . two tongues probing at my wet asshole . . . slurping on my balls . . . my armpits . . . between my toes . . . I felt the wetness everywhere . . . in my ears . . . behind my legs . . . it seemed that I was living in a country of tongues and one furnace mouth without any teeth only gums that were propelling my dick to the wildest orgasm of my life . . . gumming it . . . gumming my dick . . . CUM . . . CUM . . . CUM . . . geysers . . . an ocean of gism . . . now . . . starting under my toenails . . . they disintegrated into nothingness . . . my body now turned into a cascading sea of passion . . . roaring madcap waves screaming the joy of life . . . pounding . . . pounding . . . the gums . . . gumming . . . gumming . . . shit . . . and now it was a thousand tongues . . . a million tongues . . . a universe of tongues . . . all of them pleasuring my body . . . and my dick now . . . a redwood tree . . . the hot sap oozing from deep inside . . . oozing and then an earthquake tearing and ripping at the foundations of my body . . . and then the grand eruption . . . the earthquake . . . all of it jumbled up in my head . . . sap and lava and . . . spewing forth . . . the lava of my soul erupting from my dick . . . scalding out of its enormous cockhead . . . spewing hotly, thickly into the toothless mouth of the dirty blond in the tight suede pants . . . zinging my spunk down his throat . . . the electricity of my body filling him . . . ZING . . . SPLAT . . . ZING . . . ZING . . . and I looked down. Christ, it looked like I could crawl down the hole in his face . . . the cavern . . . the enormous, toothless mouth.

CLICK . . . CLICK . . . CLICK . . .  
METAMORPHOSES.

My dick flopped out of his toothless hole and his hand moved to his face and . . . CLICK . . . his false teeth back in place.

The perfect, the beautiful smile. His tongue flicked out, grabbing at a glob of my cum that was on his lower lip. He slurped it into his mouth. "Thank you," he said. "That was absolutely delicious!"

I staggered out of the bar. All I was wearing was a T shirt and a pair of blue jeans and they were sopping wet from the piss of the filthy john. I shivered against the stiff breeze from the bay. It was so cold my teeth were chattering and for a moment I thought of going back to the Killer McKenna Gym. I pushed the thought out of my head when I saw the hot dog stand. I could get something warm to drink. I ordered coffee from the young man who was a Nick Nolte look alike.

When I reached into my pocket for some change I realized I was broke. "Hey, I'm sorry," I mumbled and turned toward the door.

The next thing I knew the Nick Nolte look alike jerked me half way across the counter. "Gimme the fuckin' money, ass-

hole!"

I was so exhausted I didn't resist. "I'm sorry. I didn't realize I was broke!"

"Fuckin' brums . . . nothin' but bums!" Then he got a whiff of my clothes. "Christ, you smell like a fuckin' urinal." Then I saw a sadistic gleam in his eyes. "You are a fuckin' urinal!"

He dragged me behind the counter and there was a cruel smile on his face. "This fuckin' town," he snarled. "Nothin' but faggots and more faggots!"

He ripped at his zipper and a moment later seven inches of uncult dick was staring me in the face. Then I got a whiff of it. I don't think the son of a bitch had taken a bath in a month. The raunchy smell was like a physical force. Seeing a wet towel on the edge of the sink I reached for it but I was too late. Before I knew what had happened he'd grabbed me by the back of the head and slammed his seven inches down my throat. He fucked my face wildly and I was helpless to stop him. He had me underneath the counter so that if anyone came into the hot dog stand they could only see him and not what I was doing under the counter. His left hand jerked at his pants and a moment later his balls were in my mouth along with his dick. "Fuckin' good cocksucker!" he moaned.

He grabbed the back of my head and jammed his dick all the way down my throat and I could feel his body convulse as the gism splashed against the back of my throat. Suddenly I heard a strange voice and then the counterman's body jerked away from me and I fell backwards, losing my balance and banging my head against the wooden counter. And then I looked up into the sneering face of one of San Francisco's finest. There was a triumphantly evil grin on his face as he pressed his baton against my chest. "Hey, I got me a live one!" he laughed. "Get off your knees, cocksucker!"

Desperately I tried to stand up but then the pain smashed at my elbow, running crazily up to my shoulder. I stared hard into the hate filled eyes of the cop. He'd hit my elbow with his baton and now it was poised over his head, ready to strike again. "Take it easy, will ya?" I mumbled.

"Take it easy? The queer mother fucker wants me to take it easy?" There was a WHOOOOOOOOSH and the pain tore into my guts and I bent double. The room tilted crazily and I tried to grab for the counter. "I caught you in the act . . . sucking his dick! Ten years . . . you're gonna get ten years in San Quentin!"

A moment later the huge cop was dragging me into the back room of the hot dog stand. He kicked the door shut and we were alone. "Look, if you just tell me the truth I'll go easy on you."

"You who . . . really?"

He stood over me, the polished baton poised to smash down on my unprotected head. He was a big man. Staring up at him from the cement floor he looked like he was at least seven feet tall. His legs were thick, like huge tree trunks. "I'll club you to death unless you tell me!"

"I . . . ah . . . I . . . I . . ."

"Did you or did you not suck off the counterman?"

I knew if I said NO he'd split open my head. "Yes sir," I answered quietly.

"I knew you were a fuckin' queer the second I laid eyes on you." He looked pleased as punch. "So?"

"So?"

"Didn't you just confess to sucking off the counterman?" Again he lifted the baton, swinging it threateningly.

"Yes sir, I did," I answered quickly.

"You've got to tell me all the small details," he said as he reached for a pen. "I've got to make a report."

"Well . . . ah . . . I cleared my throat." It was simple enough. I came in here for a hot dog and I ended up making a pass at the counterman and I . . . you know . . .

"No, I don't know."

"I gave him a b.j."

"What's a b.j.?"

"It's a blow job."

"You sucked his dick?"

"Yes, officer."

The cop's hand moved down to his tree trunk of a leg. "I want to hear you say it."

"I sucked his dick!" I said.

I guess the giant cop didn't even know he was doing it but his huge hand was rubbing his crotch. I quickly pulled my eyes

I WAS DIZZY WITH DELIGHT. WAS KILLER ACTUALLY  
GOING TO LET ME SUCK HIM OFF?  
OH, YES SIR. PLEASE, SIR!"

away from the monster bulge. I looked at the ceiling, watching a moth circle the naked light bulb. I didn't want any more trouble.

"Did you swallow his spunk?" he asked.

"Ah . . . yes sir. I did!"

The pen fell out of his hand and clattered on the cement floor. "Did he grab you by the back of the head and fuck your face, shoving his big prick all the way down your throat?"

I guess it had taken me awhile to pick up on where the big cop was coming from. "Oh, yes sir! He rammed his dick all the way down my throat. He made me lick his balls and he kept calling me a queer cocksucker, sir!"

The giant policeman leaned back against a stack of boxes. His eyes bored into mine and his hand was rubbing harder and harder against the man in his crotch. "Are you a good cocksucker?" he asked. "My old lady gives me head when she's been drinking but she's a nibbler. You ain't like that, are you?"

"No sir. I try my best, sir!"

"Pull down my zipper!" His voice was so low I could hardly hear him. "My zipper, asshole!"

I reached out my hand when suddenly his arm shot out and I felt myself flying across the room. The blackness grabbed at me for a moment as I bent double. He'd hit me in the belly with his baton. I held my body completely still so I wouldn't throw up.

"You think I'd let a miserable asshole like you put your queer mouth around my dick?" He stood over me and he had his cock out of his pants. He held it in his hand. "When's the last time you brushed your teeth, cocksucker?"

"A . . . ah . . . this morning, officer!" I tried desperately to look at the ceiling but I couldn't. The giant cop had the thickest prick I'd ever seen. I couldn't quite believe it. I don't know how long it was . . . maybe seven inches but it would put an Italian salami to shame it was so thick. The enormous knobby head had slipped out of the foreskin and was silky shiny wet and very red.

"You fuckin' queers." He moved very close to me still with his dick in his hand. "You really want this dick?"

"Yes sir."

He grabbed me by the hair and now he held my face an inch away from the swollen dickhead. It was so red it looked like it would erupt with a creamy love any second. "This is for my old lady, not for a queer son of a bitch like you!" He laughed as he waved it at me. "You're dying to suck it, aren't you? That's what you live on . . . the cum from big he-men like me! Isn't that right? Huh?"

"Oh, yes sir," I answered. "You're a big strong he-man, sir. You're the real thing, sir!"

"You're fuckin' right I am. I'm the real thing!"

"You're a rugged macho stud, sir!"

"Yeah, the toughest stud cop in San Francisco!" He had his dick right under my nose and I could smell it. It had that peculiar ultra-masculine smell . . . that dick smell. For a moment he stopped talking as he unbuckled his belt and let his pants fall to the floor. Then he pulled down his shorts. "Hey, kid did you ever see such balls, huh, di'ja?"

My eyes widened. "No sir, I never have!" Christ, they were huge, like a bull's and they practically hung down to his knees.

He reached down and cradled them in both hands. "Take a good look at a real man's balls, kid."

"I never say anything like it in my life, sir!" And I was speaking the truth.

"Do you wanna know why you're a fag?" he asked and he was dead serious.

"Why, sir?" I was so fascinated by his bull balls I couldn't keep my eyes off them.

"Because," he snarled. "If you had balls like mine you wouldn't be a fuckin' queer!"

"Hey, I never thought of that, sir!" The cop was so crazy I was beginning to enjoy myself. I realized that I had quite a talker on my hands. "They're the biggest balls I've ever seen, sir!"

"You bet your fuckin' ass they're the biggest balls you've ever seen," he snorted. "You're never gonna see bigger balls than what I've got. Balls . . . balls . . . balls. I'm the toughest cop in San Francisco and that's because I've got balls and don't you forget it." All this time he was massaging his bull balls. "I'm the biggest, toughest macho stud you've ever seen. Ain't that right, kid?"

"Oh, yes sir! You're the biggest, toughest stud I've ever seen in my life, sir!"

"You really think so?"

"Oh, yes sir. You've got the biggest balls I've ever seen, sir!"

"Yeah . . . you think so, kid?"

"And you've got a big salami, too, sir!"

Now the big cop was smiling. "You want to eat this salami, kid?"

"With your permission, sir!"

"Hey, I gotta say . . . you're okay for a fuckin' queer. At least you got a little respect." I could tell that all the talk was turning hom on as the piss hole in his huge mushroom dick was dribbling heavily. I wanted to stick out my tongue and lick it off but I didn't want his baton smashing down on my unprotected head. His next question came out of left field. "Did you ever suck a nigger dick?"

"What, sir?" I was stalling for time.

"Did you ever suck a nigger dick?"

For a moment I felt like telling him of the beautiful black dick I had up my ass just a few hours before from the big black dude who was the spitting image of O.J. Simpson but then I thought better of it. Wasn't it a rule of thumb that over ninety per cent of the cops hated all minorities? "Oh, no, sir! I like nothing but pure white cock, sir . . . preferably yours, sir!" I licked my lips and made a sucking sound.

"You sure you ain't sucked jig cock before?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"What about Spick dick?"

"They're not my type, sir!"

"All you like is white dick, huh?"

"Oh, yes sir. Preferably your King Kong prick, sir!"

"Hey, that's a good one . . . a good one!" he laughed. "King Kong . . . yeah . . . that's me . . . King Kong! Yeah."

It was getting boring. "Did you play football in school, sir?" I asked mechanically.

"Did I play football . . . did I play football??? Shit, I made Franco Harris look like a bum! I was All-State two years running and I was offered scholarships from all the big colleges . . . USC . . . UCLA . . . but . . . but . . . I fucked up my knee!"

"That's a shame," I sympathized.

Suddenly his mouth fell open and the drool dribbled down to the cleft in his chin. His grey eyes clouded over. "Eat my cock, you queer mother fucker!" His hands grabbed the back of my head. "Eat my macho stud dick! For the first time in your life suck a real man!"

SLAM! BAM! WHAM! I didn't have time to think. His massive arms wrapped around my head and . . . cablooy! I was choking on the thick jets of gism that squirted out of the head of his mushroom dick and slammed against the back of my throat. His bull balls bounced against my neck. It was over and done with in three seconds flat. He pulled the thick slab of meat out of my mouth and it was still jerking and shooting thick jets of gism onto my face . . . slamming its hotness on my forehead and cheek and dribbling down to my mouth.

"You should see yourself . . . you fuckin' queer!" He grabbed me by the hair. "Shit, you got my spunk all over your face!"

"Yeah, I know," I answered. I was beginning to feel pissed. "You put it there!"

"You're disgusting. Did you know that? All fags are disgusting! That Anita chick is right about you queers. All of you are a bunch of degenerates . . . yeah . . . that's what you are . . . a bunch of degenerates . . . she is right!"

He slapped me hard across the face and then let go of me. I fell into a heap at his feet but I could feel the anger deep in my guts. This was no fantasy game from the man in blue . . .

he really believed what he was saying. And that name . . . ANITA . . . ANITA . . . it made me see red. I knew I had to do something.

I lay on the floor waiting for my opportunity. I watched as the "blue knight" shoved his fat dick into his shorts and reached down to pull up his pants. I was like a coiled spring as I brought my hands together, forming a bridge, and slammed him under the chin, knocking him off balance. As he staggered backward I tackled the big mother fucker. I had the element of surprise on my side. He didn't figure that a 'fag' would attack him. He fell backwards, banging his head against the wall. He didn't even defend himself. It was like robbing a blind man. A moment later I had his gun out of his holster and pointed it at his head. "What was that last remark about Anita?" I asked coolly.

"I'll kill you . . . you fuckin' fag!" he screamed, making a desperate grab for the gun.

He got the gun on the side of the face. I grinned as the blood gushed out of his mouth. "You want some more?" I asked quietly.

"You mother fucker!"

"Shut your fuckin' mouth."

"Look, fag, I . . ."

"You want your fuckin' head blown off?"

"Ah . . . what?" I could see the beginning of fear in his eyes, in the way his tongue flicked out of his mouth nervously.

I had the gun an inch away from his forehead. "You want to die?" My voice was like ice.

All of the life went out of him as his body sagged like a wet noodle. Yeah, all the *man* went out of him. "No, I don't want to die. Please don't!"

"Please don't, what, asshole?"

His eyes darted back and forth nervously. "Don't what?"

I slammed the gun against the other side of his face. "You dig being pistol whipped, huh?"

"I'm sorry, I . . . I . . ."

"I'm sorry, sir. Sir!"

"Sir . . . Sir." He said the words quickly. "I'm sorry, sir!" He was on the cement floor looking up at me with a pathetic look on his face. "Ah . . . can I be of service, sir?"

"What kind of service?" I smiled evilly.

"Anything you want, sir, but don't kill me, please don't."

"You wanna suck my dick?"

He only paused for a half second. "Anything you want me to do, sir!"

"Answer the fuckin' question. Do you wanna suck my dick . . . this dick!" I hauled it out and waved it in his face.

He gulped. "Ah . . . yes sir!"

"Well I got news for you, asshole!" I put my dick back into my pants and zipped them up. "I wouldn't let you suck my dick if you were the last man alive. Now get out of those clothes!"

"What?" His mouth fell open.

"Get out of those clothes or I'll . . ."

He didn't say another word but quickly began to strip. When he finally stood naked in front of me my resolve almost disappeared. Shit, he was a gorgeous hunk. He was indeed one of San Francisco's finest and his bull balls practically came down to his knees. Just the thought of his rugged face buried in my crotch gave me a rock hard on but I knew I was going to do what I had to do . . . even when he turned around and I saw his gorgeous ass that seemed to defy all the laws of gravity. Just the thought of ploving into those beautiful buns almost made me lose my mind in my pants.

Ah, yes, the handcuffs. How many situations had I been in where they'd been a marvelous fantasy TOY? But not this time . . . this time the handcuffs would be used for real.

CLICK . . . CLICK . . .

On one wrist and another CLICK and my gorgeous racist cop was handcuffed to the pipe. I opened the door to the hot dog stand. The counterman was putting chili on a hot dog. When he saw the naked cop handcuffed to the pipe he dropped the hot dog. "God damn!" he said.

I stood in the doorway. "Thanks for the great blow job, officer!" I rubbed my crotch. "You're the greatest!"

It was a great exit line. Once I was out on Market Street cold reality slammed at me. I knew I better get my ass off the streets as quickly as possible because as soon as that cop got free there would be an all-points bulletin out for me. And I

knew there was only one place in San Francisco that was safe. Yeah . . . the Killer McKenna Gym. I also knew that the fastest way to get there was to run as if I were doing the hundred yard dash. It took me twenty minutes to run the distance and I was surprised in what good shape I was in after my rather eventful night on the town.

The gym was dark and quiet and a few minutes later I had my sleeping bag unrolled in the smelly locker room and was climbing into it when the shit hit the fan. I thought my back was going to break as I felt myself flying across the room and smashing into the wall. I think I bounced two feet. Then the lights flashed on and I let out a gasp. There he was . . . Killer McKenna. I was so terrified that my body was shaking and yet I let out a gasp of admiration. When I was away from Killer the impact seemed to go away but everytime I saw him he took my breath away. There was no doubt about it, Killer was the best looking dude I'd ever seen. Everything the cop wanted to be Killer was. He was it. The super hunk. The super macho stud and he knew it. My eyes feasted on his two hundred and twenty-five pounds of rock hard muscle. When he moved his right bicep the black panther tattoo seemed to take a step forward as if to attack . . . just like the Killer. He had a more defined build than Arnold Schwarzenegger and his thick curly hair contrasted with his white skin that was as smooth as a baby's ass.

"Where the fuck have you been all night?" he snarled.

In the midst of my terror I couldn't tear my eyes away from the bulge in his jockey shorts. I could see the outline of the fat head through the thin material. "I . . . ah . . . I went for a long walk," I said lamely.

"Fuck it!" I was surprised that he hadn't clobbered me by now. When he absently started playing with his balls I knew that something was up. "You know, it's only three days until the Mr. Bay Area Contest and we've got to get you in shape!" "Schit, you don't have to worry. You've got Thunder Cole!" I tried to keep the bitterness out of my voice.

"I never want to hear his name again!" Killer clenched his massive hands into fists. "He copped out on me. He's representing the Rick Fanni Gym."

My heart was pounding wildly. It was obvious that it was up to me. "It's only me?" I asked.

Killer ran his hand through his thick black hair. "You'll be lucky if you finish third."

I'd been so exhausted from my night out but now I could feel the strength pouring back into my body. I felt like I could work out for a good eight hours. "What about our bargain, sir?"

"What bargain?" Killer was scratching his beautiful, muscular ass.

"You don't remember, sir?"

I could see the anger twist his mouth. "What the fuck are you talking about?"

"You said if I win the Mr. Bay Area Contest I get to spend the night with you. Is that correct, sir?"

"That is correct, Georgie!" He was grinning. "Would you like a preview?"

I was dizzy with delight. Was Killer actually going to let me suck him off? "Oh, yes sir. Please, sir!"

He spread his legs wide and then he dropped his shorts. Whew! My eyes feasted on his six foot three frame. Slowly and deliberately he grabbed his blue veined dick and began to slowly jerk it off. I watched with bated breath as it got stiff and a dribble of pre-cum oozed from the fat head of the eleven inch uncut dick. Reaching down for my dick I shot off before I could touch it, my gism splattering all over Killer's stomach. "I didn't mean to . . . I'm sorry!" I said.

"It's okay, kid!" There was a touch of a smile on his face almost as if he were saying that he knew I was still in his power. And he was right.

Now Killer closed his eyes as he whacked away at his beautiful piece of meat. I felt to my knees in front of it but he was too quick for me. He quickly slapped the side of my face with his dick and then pulled up his jockey shorts. Then he outlined his dick in his shorts. "You can have this all day sucker after you win the Mr. Bay Area Contest, Georgie Porgie!" He was grinning from ear to ear. "Now get to work. Start with your chest. Nine sets on the bench press. Start with 250 pounds and increase it on each set! Let's get to work, kid!"

TO BE CONTINUED

DRUMMER 27



**HEAVY  
HEADCHEESE  
COMICS**

PRESENTS

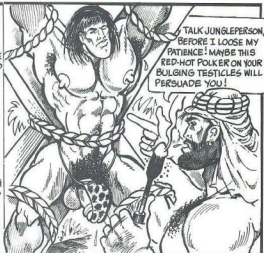
# HARRY CHESS® IN THE PAREDEVIL DOLL-GAPER

BY  
**A. JAY**

THIS RANK ADVENTURE STARTS IN THE STEAMY, SOGGY JUNGLE OF LA TROTS, MEXICO. WAKEFUL PIDDLE, THE FAMOUS DIRECTOR OF MALE CINEROTICA IS ON LOCATION SHOOTING HIS MOST EXPENSIVE EPIC... A 4 MILLION DOLLAR/TRIPLE X-RATED SIZZLER -- "FARTZON, THE FUNKY"!!! ITS BIG STAR IS AMYLL ARMPITS ("B.O." TO HIS FRIENDS). AMYLL WAS A FORMER LINEBACKER FOR THE SAUSALIDO SAUSAGES AND IS GAY AMERICA'S LATEST AND HOTTEST SUPERSTUD.

THE SMALL CREW IS SHOOTING THE BIG KEY SCENE UNDER THE BLAZING BAJA SUN: FARTZON, THE FUNKY HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY SADISTIC ARAB NORY BOUNTY HUNTERS AND IS BEING SUBJECTED TO GRUELING TORTURE TO DIVULGE THE LOCATIONS OF THE SECRET ELEPHANT BURIAL GROUNDS... AND THE NEAREST MERCEDES SERVICE STATION....

LIGHTS, CAMERA... ACTION—



TALK JUNGLEPERSON, BEFORE I LOOSE MY PATIENCE! MAYBE HIS RED-HOT POLKER ON YOUR BULGING TESTICLES WILL PERSUADE YOU!



FARTZON MAY BE FUNKY— BUT NOT TADDLTAIL! SO FUCK OFF ARAB PRICK—!

SPLAT!

YOU SHALL PAY FOR THAT!



FARTZON BRAVE! FARTZON NEVER SQUEAL!

HOW T.ARTHUR RANK! OOO

ABOUT, PULL HIS MASSIVE LEGS APART SO I CAN BURN OFF HIS BALL HAIRS— ONE-BY-ONE... SLURP!!

SLURP!!



NOOOO WAAAA!

SAVE ANN MILLER'S HAIR!



FARTZON NEVER SQUEAL... EVEN IF YOU SHOVE BURNING ROKER UP FARTZON'S TIGHT, VIRGIN ASS-HOLE!

SLURP... I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! THIS SIZZLING ROD OF YOUR HOLE WILL PRY OPEN YOUR STUBBORN LIPS. ABOUT, SPREAD THOSE HARD CHEEKS OF HIS— WIDE!!!

A CUNNING GLIMMER

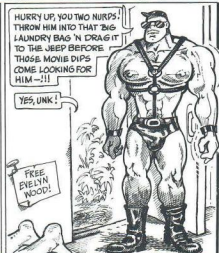
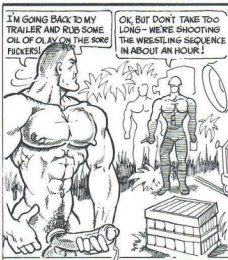


SUDDENLY...JUST AS FARTZON'S VISE-TIGHT ASS IS WORKED APART, A FOUL GREEN GAS JETTISONS OUT— CAUSING INSTANT PARALYSIS!



FARTZON USES MYSTERIOUS SLEEPING FUMES INSIDE SHIT TUBE TO OVERCOME NASTY MEN FROM ACROSS BURNING SANDS! SECRET FROM APE ANCESTORS AND MUCHO COCONUT JUICE! MUST CALL ELEPHANT CHUMS TO TELL SECRET IS SAFE— 'N TO GET FARTZON OUT OF FUCKING ROPES!

AROOWWAHH



# DRUM BEATS



## YULE RECIPE: BAT

Contrary to the preparation of most whole animals that must be dressed before cooking, the bat is simply well-washed and it is ready. It need not be skinned, no parts removed and not even eviscerated as this animal feeds exclusively on fruits and its parts are not tainted by unpleasant flavors. Most of the viscera is edible and is better kept intact. To boil the bat, place it in a pan, generously cover it with water, and boil for at least half an hour, depending on the size of the bat, or until fleshy parts are tender. Fur and membrane of the "wings" is edible as well as the meat which is dark and gamey, and tender.

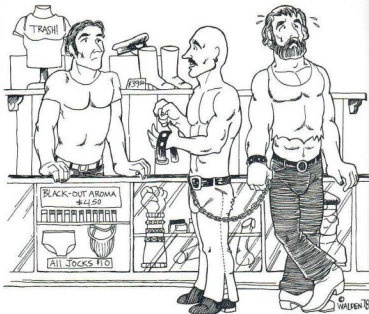
To the occasional Christmas cook, it may come as a shock that this intriguing animal with a wing span of two feet makes a tasty dish, which, properly prepared, measures to gourmet standards of excellence. Be not prejudiced by the cunning appearance of the bat; if fortunate enough to have acquired a bat, try boiling it, or better still, prepare the bat soup.

Preliminary preparation for this soup requires boiling the bat. At this time a characteristic musky odor is noticeable, different but tolerable. This soup is recommended for those who enjoy the exotic — the flavor is exquisite.

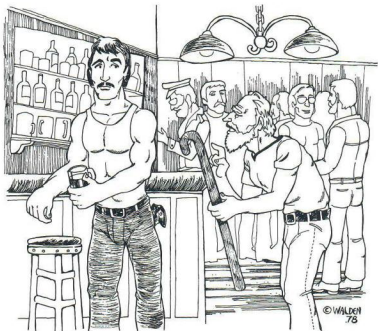
Take: 3 bats (1 pound each), wash thoroughly, do not eviscerate.

Add: Water to cover. 1 tablespoon sliced fresh ginger, 1 large onion, quartered and salt, to taste.

Boil for 40 minutes; strain broth into another pan. Globules of fat may appear on the surface; do not spoon them off. Skin the bat; pick meat off the bones and return to the broth. If desired, selected parts of the viscera may also be used. Heat the broth and serve, garnished liberally with chopped green onions. Pleasing variations may be attained by adding soy sauce to the broth or coconut cream (from gratings of one coconut). Suggested as a preface to a Christmas dinner. Serves 6.



"Would you happen to have a teflon dog collar? My Master is allergic to leather."



"Don't let my age fool ya' sonny . . . I can still do some very kinky things with this cane!"

# Gay Pop Culture Series: FETISHES

## EQUUS

A ONE-HORSE OPEN SLEIGH

JACK FRITSCHER

Fetishes, like passion, interest DRUMMER men because most DRUMMER readers are intensely fetishistic. You know what you like. You know how to signal for it. You know how to get it. Peter Shaffer's *Equus* examines with feeling and understanding not only fetishes in general, but in particular the macho identification with horses.

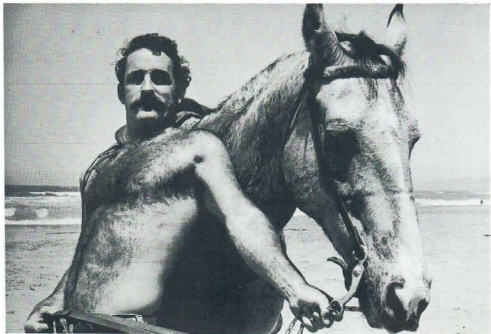
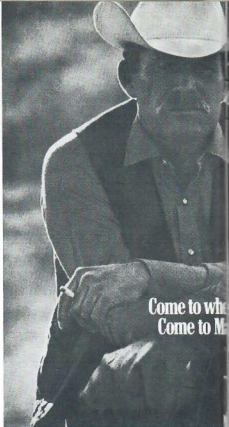


PHOTO BY EFREN RAMIREZ



PHOTO BY JACK FRITSCHER



#### MY FRIENDS FLICKA, BLACK BEAUTY, & NATIONAL VELVET

Horses are always symbols of passion: Brando is carried off by Liz Taylor's runaway stallion in *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, because Marlon is in love with Robert Forster who rides bareback naked throughout that film; the stallion riding and neighing in *Ryan's Daughter* carries Chris Jones to a girl who never says *no*; Catharine Deneuve in *Belle du Jour* is yanked from a horse-drawn carriage, tied and whipped and covered with *merde*. (The film had subtitles.)

Peter Shaffer's *Equus* is excerpted here for purposes of pop cultch review, especially for the pop-macho sub-sub-culture of male fetishism which is still the most closeted area of otherwise liberated gay lives. Straight advertising uses horses continually: Mustangs, Colts, Pintos, Mavericks, English Leather, Wells Fargo Banks stage coaches, Raintree Moisturizers, Big Red chewing gum, and — of course — the grandsire of them all: MARLBORO.

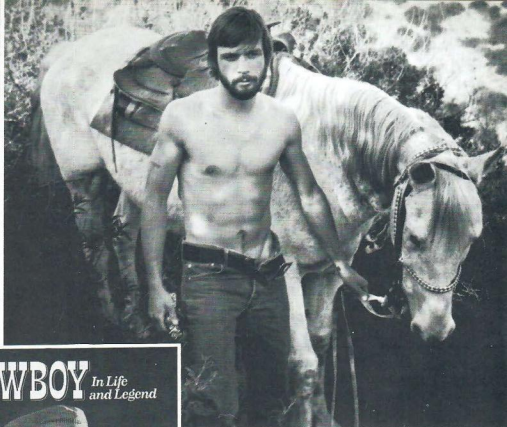
Guys have no special corner on the horse mystique. But Gay Rodeos notwithstanding, horses are very special for reasons as simple as cowboys, mounted police, and Pegasus flying a long time ago in a galaxy far, far away.

Besides, they feel good between your legs.

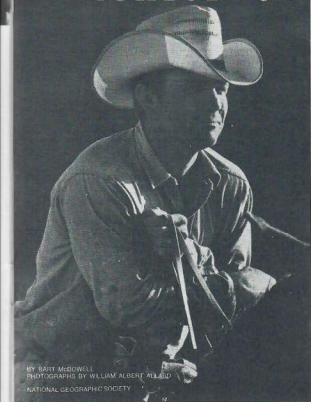




here the flavor is.  
Marlboro Country.



The American **COWBOY** In Life and Legend



BY BART MCDOWELL  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM ALBERT REILAND  
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

#### FETISH SOURCE

Shaffer's *Equus* psychiatrist, Doctor Dysart, asks pertinent questions about the source of anyone's fetish. How and why do we become lovingly, maddingly, passionately hung up on leather, rubber, sneakers, pex, feet, jockstraps, or white cotton teshirts washed in Bold 3 detergent? The litany of fetishes is endless. And *litany* is the operative word. Fetishes, before all, were originally religious ornaments. Today, a fetish is a wonderful fixation.

A fetish is that one thing that, even if you don't totally NEED it in bed, you'd certainly PREFER it to be there as part of the sex trip.

So Shaffer's Dysart goes after the roots of fetish preference.

#### EQUUS' MAIN QUESTION

Doctor Dysart, with hangups of his own, asks the basic question: "A child is born into a world of phenomena all equal in their power to enslave. It sniffs — it sucks — it strokes its eyes over the whole uncountable range. Suddenly one strikes. Why? Moments snap together like magnets, forging a chain of shackles. Why? I can trace them. I can even, with time, pull them apart again. But why at the start they were magnetized at all — just those particular moments of experience and no others — I don't know. And nor does anyone else."

*Equus*, you see, is the story of a boy, Alan Strang, who blinds six horses. At least, on the surface, that's the story wrought from a true occurrence in England, Land of Fetishes. Beyond the "story," however, lies the plot. The plot lines, the questions raised, are part of the lives of gay men who retain a *sense of Real Worship*: men who worship the bodies of other men; men who adore their God, Cock; men who take communion off one another in ritual encounters of High Sensuality and, sometimes, higher, transfiguring, transcendent PAIN.

Dysart says to his friend Hester about Alan: "Look . . . to go through life and call it yours — *your life* — you first have to get your own pain. Pain that's unique to you . . . that boy has known a passion more ferocious than I have felt in any second of my life. And let me tell you something: I envy it."

HESTER: You can't.

DYSART: (*vehemently*) Don't you see? That's the Accusation! That's what his stare has been saying to me all the time. *"At least I galloped! When did you?"* . . . That freaky boy tries to conjure the reality! I sit looking at pages of centaurs trampling the soil of Argos — and outside my window he is trying to *become one*, in a Hampshire field! . . . I watch that woman (Mrs. Dysart) knitting, night after night — a woman I haven't *kissed* in six years — and he stands in the dark for an hour, sucking the sweat off his God's hairy cheek!"

## LET EQUUS BEGIN!

At this point, *Equus* blooms into the Ultimate Fetish Script of Sexual Pop Culture.

"I love horses' eyes. The way you can see yourself in them. D'you find them sexy?"

Alan is outraged at his friend's sneaking suspicion of his closeted fetish.

Dora, Alan's mother, tells Doctor Dysart, who himself dreams of carving up children, sacrificially — of course — in the name of religion, of an altar, that Alan loves animals! *Especially horses.*

Dysart says, "Especially?"

"Yes," Dora says . . . "He even has a photograph of one up in his bedroom. A beautiful white one, looking over a gate. His father gave it to him a few years ago, off a calendar he'd printed — and he's never taken it down . . . And when he was seven or eight, I used to have to read him the same book over and over, all about a horse . . . And then I remember I used to tell him a funny thing about falling off horses. Did you know that when Christian cavalry first appeared in the New World, the pagans thought horse and rider was one person?"

"Really?" Dysart says. "One person?"

"Actually they thought it must be a god."

"A god!"

"It was only when one rider fell off, they realized the truth."

When Doctor Dysart speaks to Alan's father, their conversation begins with Frank, Alan's father, saying: "He's always been a weird lad. I have to be honest. Can you imagine spending your weekends like that — just cleaning out stalls . . . His mother indulged him . . . They've always been thick as thieves. I can't say I entirely approve — especially when I hear her whispering that Bible to him hour after hour, up there in his room."

DYSART: Your wife is religious?

FRANK: Some might say excessively so. Mind you that's her business. But when it comes to dosing it down the boy's throat — well, frankly, he's my son as well as hers. She doesn't see that. Of course, that's the funny thing about religious people. They always think their susceptibilities are more important than non-religious.

DYSART: And you're non-religious, I take it?

FRANK: I'm an atheist, and I don't mind admitting it. If you want my opinion, it's the Bible that's responsible for all this.

DYSART: Why?

FRANK: Well, look at it yourself. A boy spends night after night having this stuff read into him: an innocent man tortured to death — thorns driven into his head — nails into his hands — a spear jammed through his ribs. It can mark anyone for life, that kind of thing. I'm not joking. The boy was absolutely fascinated by all that. He was always mooning over religious pictures. I mean real kinky ones, if you receive my meaning. I had to put a stop to it once or twice! . . . (*pause*) Bloody religion — it's our only real problem in this house, but it's insuperable: I don't mind admitting it.

*Unable to stand any more, Dora comes in again.*

DORA: (*pleasantly*) You must excuse my husband, Doctor. This one subject is something of an obsession with him, isn't it, dear? You must admit.

FRANK: Call it what you like. All that stuff to me is just bad sex.

DORA: And what has that got to do with Alan?

FRANK: Everything! . . . (*seriously*) Everything, Dora!

Later, Doctor Dysart turns to Alan and asks him: "What is your first memory of a horse? The first time one entered your life . . ."

Alan answers: "On a beach . . ."

*Lazily he kicks at the sand, and throws stones at the sea.*

DYSART: How old were you?

ALAN: How should I know? . . . Six.

DYSART: Well, go on. What were you doing there?

ALAN: Digging.

DYSART: A sandcastle?

ALAN: Well, what else?

DYSART: (*warningly*) And?

ALAN: Suddenly I heard this noise. Coming up behind me.

*A young Horseman issues in slow motion out of the tunnel. He carries a riding crop with which he is urging on his invisible horse, down the right side of the circle. The hum increases.*

DYSART: What noise?

ALAN: Hooves. Splashing.

DYSART: Splashing?

ALAN: The tide was out and he was galloping.

DYSART: Who was?

ALAN: This fellow. Like a college chap. He was on a big horse — urging him on. I thought he hadn't seen me. I called out: Hey!

*The Horseman goes into natural time, charging fast round the downstage corner of the square straight at Alan.*

And they just swerved in time!

HORSEMAN: (*reining back*) Whoa!!

Whoa there! Whoa! . . . Sorry! I didn't see you! . . . Did I scare you?

ALAN: No!

HORSEMAN: (*looking down on him*)

That's a terrific castle!

ALAN: What's his name?

HORSEMAN: Trojan. You can stroke him, if you like. He won't mind.

*Shyly Alan stretches up on tip-toe, and pats an invisible shoulder.*

(*amused*) You can hardly reach down there. Would you like to come up?

*Alan nods, eyes wide.*



Alan Strang (Peter Firth) re-enacts his personal religious ritual in "Equus," a 1977 film based on Peter Shaffer's award winning play.

All right. Come round this side. You always mount a horse from the left. I'll give you a lift. O.K.?

*Alan goes round on the other side.*

Here we go, now. Just do nothing, Upsadaisy!

*Alan sets his foot on the Horseman's thigh, and is lifted by him up on to his shoulders.*

*The hum from the Chorus becomes exultant. Then stops.*

All right?

*Alan nods.*

Good. Now all you do is hold onto his mane.

*He holds up the crop, and Alan grips on to it.*

Tight now. And grip with your knees. All right? All set? . . . Come on, then, Trojan. Let's go!

*The Horseman walks slowly upstage round the circle, with Alan's legs tight round his neck.*

DYSART: How was it? Was it wonderful?

HORSEMAN: Do you want to go faster?

ALAN: Yes!

HORSEMAN: O.K. All you have to do is say 'Come on, Trojan — bear me away!' . . . Say it, then!

ALAN: Bear me away!

*The Horseman starts to run with Alan round the circle.*

DYSART: You went fast?

ALAN: Yes!

DYSART: Weren't you frightened?

ALAN: No!

HORSEMAN: Come on now, Trojan! Bear us away! Hold on! Come on now!

*He runs faster. Alan begins to laugh. Then suddenly, as they reach again the right downstage corner, Frank and Dora stand up in alarm . . .*

Later, Alan's mother calls on Doctor Dysart.

DYSART: Ah. (encouragingly) So, what was it you wanted to tell me?

DORA: Well, do you remember that photograph I mentioned to you. The one Mr. Strang gave Alan to decorate his bedroom a few years ago?

DYSART: Yes. A horse looking over a gate, wasn't it?

DORA: That's right. Well, actually, it took the place of another kind of picture altogether.

DYSART: What kind?

DORA: It was a reproduction of Our Lord on his way to Calvary. Alan found it in Reeds Art Shop, and fell absolutely in love with it. He insisted on buying it

with his pocket money, and hanging it at the foot of his bed where he could see it last thing at night. My husband was very displeased.

DYSART: Because it was religious?

DORA: In all fairness I must admit it was a little extreme. The Christ was loaded down with chains, and the centurions were really laying on the stripes. It certainly would not have been my choice, but I don't believe in interfering too much with children, so I said nothing.

DYSART: But Mr. Strang did?

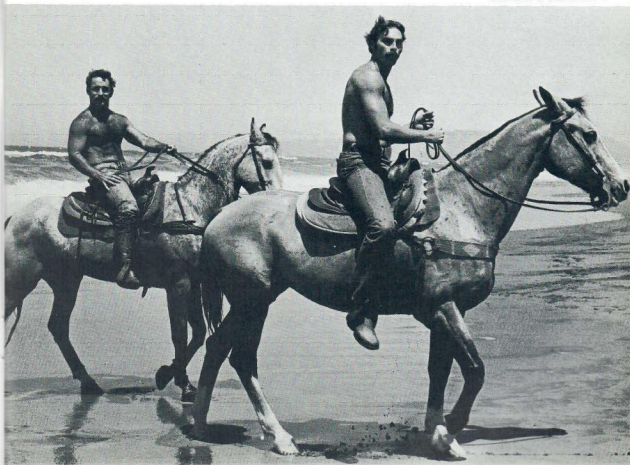
DORA: He stood it for a while, but one day we had one of our tiffs about religion, and he went straight upstairs, tore it off the boy's wall and threw it in the dustbin. Alan went quite hysterical. He cried for days without stopping — and he was not a crier, you know.

DYSART: But he recovered when he was given the photograph of the horse in its place?

DORA: He certainly seemed to. At least, he hung it in exactly the same position, and we had no more of that awful weeping.

DYSART: Could you describe that photograph of the horse in a little more detail for me? I presume it's still in his bedroom?

PHOTO BY EFREN RAMIREZ



DORA: Oh, yes. It's a most remarkable picture, really. You very rarely see a horse taken from that angle — absolutely head on. That's what makes it so interesting.

DYSART: Why? What does it look like?

DORA: Well, it's most extraordinary. It comes out all eyes.

DYSART: Staring straight at you?

DORA: Yes, that's right . . .

Soon after, Alan explains his first experience on a horse:

ALAN: I was pushed forward on the horse. There was sweat on my legs from his neck. The fellow held me tight, and let me turn the horse which way I wanted . . . His sides were all warm, and the smell . . . Then suddenly I was on the ground, where Dad pulled me. I could have bashed him . . . Something else. When the horse first appeared, I looked up into his mouth. It was huge. There was this chain in it. The fellow pulled it, and cream dripped out. I said 'Does it hurt?' And he said — the horse said — said —

*He stops. In anguish. Dysart makes a note in his file.*

Every time I heard one clop by, I had to run and see. Up a country lane or anywhere. They sort of pulled me. I couldn't take my eyes off them. Just to watch their skins. The way their necks twist, and sweat shines in the folds . . . (pause) I can't remember when it started. Mum reading to me about Prince who no one could ride, except one boy. Or the white horse in Revelations. 'He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True. His eyes were as flames of fire, and he had a name written that no man knew but himself' . . . Words like reins. Stirrup. Flanks . . . 'Dashing his spurs against his charger's flanks!' . . . Even the words made me feel — . . . Years. I never told anyone. Mum wouldn't understand. She likes Equitation'. Bowler hats and jodhpurs! 'My grandfather dressed for the horse,' she

says. What does that mean? The horse isn't dressed. It's the most naked thing you ever saw! More than a dog or a cat or anything. Even the most broken down old nag has got its *life*! To put a bowler on it is *filthy*! . . . Putting them through their paces! . . . No one understands! . . . Except cowboys. They do. I wish I was a cowboy. They're free. They just swing up and then it's miles of grass . . . I bet all cowboys are *orphans*! . . . I bet they are!

NURSE: Mr. Strang to see you, Doctor.

DYSART: (In surprise) Mr. Strang? Show him up, please.

ALAN: No one ever says to cowboys 'Receive my meaning'! They wouldn't dare. Or 'God' all the time. (mimicking his mother) 'God sees you, Alan. God's got eyes everywhere —'

Frank Strang comes into the square, his hat in his hand. He is nervous and embarrassed.

DYSART: (gently) Do you have something to tell me?

FRANK: As a matter of fact I have.

DYSART: Your wife told me about the photograph.

FRANK: I know, it's not that! It's about that, but it's — worse . . . I wanted to tell you the other night, but I couldn't in front of Dora. Maybe I should have. It might show her where all that stuff leads to, she drills into the boy behind my back.

DYSART: What kind of thing is it?

FRANK: Something I witnessed.

DYSART: Where?

FRANK: At home. About eighteen months ago.

DYSART: Go on.

FRANK: It was late. I'd gone upstairs to fetch something. The boy had been in bed hours, or so I thought.

DYSART: Go on.

FRANK: As I came along the passage I saw the door of his bedroom was ajar.

I'm sure he didn't know it was. From inside I heard the sound of this chanting.

DYSART: Chanting?

FRANK: Like the Bible. One of those lists his mother's always reading to him.

DYSART: What kind of list?

FRANK: Those Begats. So-and-so begat, you know. Genealogy.

DYSART: Can you remember what Alan's list sounded like?

FRANK: Well, the sort of thing. I stood there absolutely astonished. The first word I heard was . . .

ALAN: (rising and chanting) Prince!

DYSART: Prince?

FRANK: Prince begat Prince. That sort of nonsense.

Alan moves slowly to the center of the circle, downstage.

ALAN: And Prance begat Prankus! And Prankus begat Flankus!

FRANK: I looked through the door, and he was standing in the moonlight in his pyjamas, right in front of that big photograph.

DYSART: The horse with the huge eyes?

FRANK: Right.

ALAN: Flankus begat Spankus. And Spankus begat Spunkus the Great, who lived three score years!

FRANK: It was all like that. I can't remember the exact names, of course. Then suddenly he knelt down.

DYSART: In front of the photograph?

FRANK: Yes. Right there at the foot of his bed.

ALAN: (kneeling) And Legwus begat Neckwus. And Neckwus begat Fleckwus, the King of SpIt. And Fleckwus spoke out of his chinkle-chankle!

*He bows himself to the ground.*

DYSART: What?

FRANK: I'm sure that was the word. I've never forgotten it. Chinkle-chankle. Alan raises his head and extends his hands up in glory.

ALAN: And he said 'Behold — I give

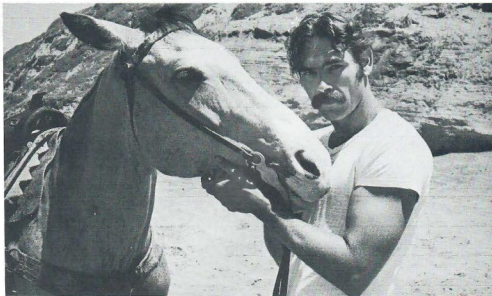
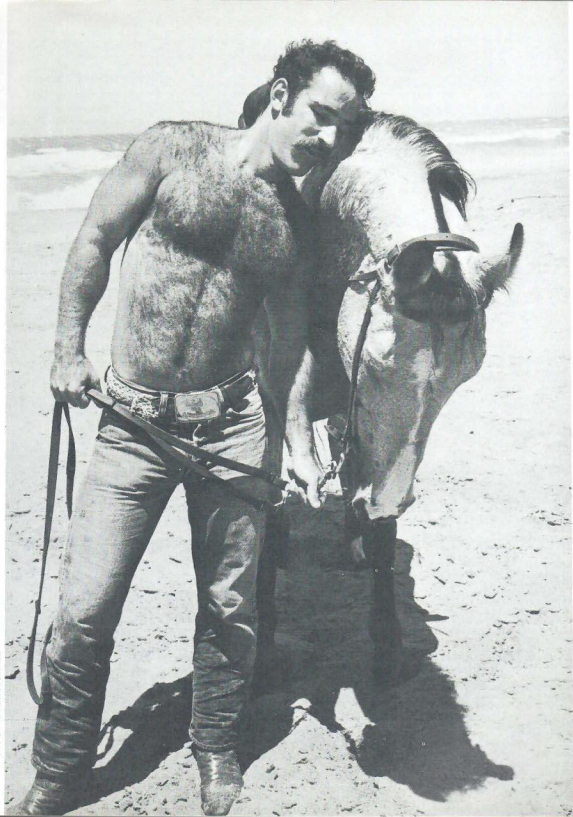


PHOTO BY EFREN RAMIREZ





you Equus, my only begotten son!

DYSART: Equus?

FRANK: Yes. No doubt of that. He repeated that word several times. 'Equus my only begotten son.'

ALAN: (reverently) Ek... wus!

DYSART: (suddenly understanding: almost 'aside') Ek... Ek...

FRANK: (embarrassed) And then...

DYSART: Yes: what?

FRANK: He took a piece of string out of his pocket. Made up into a noose. And put it in his mouth.

*Alan bridles himself with invisible string, and pulls it back.*

And then with his other hand he picked up a coat hanger. A wooden coat hanger, and — and —

DYSART: Began to beat himself?

Alan, in mime, begins to thrash himself, increasing the strokes in speed and viciousness.

Pause.

FRANK: You see why I couldn't tell his mother... Religion. Religion's at the bottom of all this!

DYSART: What did you do?

FRANK: Nothing. I coughed — and went back downstairs.

*The boy starts guiltily — tears the string from his mouth — and scrambles back to bed...*

DYSART: Now, Alan, you're going to answer questions I'm going to ask you. Do you understand?

ALAN: Yes.

DYSART: And when you wake up, you are going to remember everything you tell me. All right?

ALAN: Yes.

DYSART: Good. Now I want you to think back in time. You are on that beach, you told me about. The tide has gone out, and you're making sandcastles. Above you, staring down at you, is that great horse's head, and the cream dropping from it. Can you see that?

ALAN: Yes.

DYSART: You ask him a question. 'Does the chain hurt?'

ALAN: Yes.

DYSART: Do you ask him aloud?

ALAN: No.

DYSART: And what does the horse say back?

ALAN: 'Yes.'

DYSART: Then what do you say?

ALAN: 'I'll take it out for you.'

DYSART: And he says?

ALAN: 'It never comes out. They have me in chains.'

DYSART: Like Jesus?

ALAN: Yes!

DYSART: Only his name isn't Jesus, is it?

ALAN: No.

DYSART: What is it?

ALAN: No one knows but him and me.

DYSART: You can tell me, Alan. Name him.

ALAN: Equus.

DYSART: Thank you. Does he live in all horses or just some?

ALAN: All

DYSART: Good boy. Now; you leave the beach. You're in your bedroom at home. You're twelve years old. You're in front of the picture. You're looking at Equus from the foot of your bed. Would

you like to kneel down?

ALAN: Yes.

DYSART: (encouragingly) Go on, then.

Alan kneels.

Now tell me. Why is Equus in chains?

ALAN: For the sins of the world.

DYSART: What does he say to you?

ALAN: 'I see you. I will save you.'

DYSART: How?

ALAN: 'Bear you away. Two shall be one.'

DYSART: Horse and rider shall be one beast?

ALAN: One person!

DYSART: Go on.

ALAN: 'And my chinkle-chankle shall be in thy hand.'

DYSART: Chinkle-chankle? That's his mouth chain?

ALAN: Yes.

DYSART: Good. You can get up... Come on.

Alan rises.

Now: think of the stable. What is the stable? His Temple? His Holy of Holies?

ALAN: Yes.

DYSART: Where you wash him? Where you tend him, and brush him with many brushes?

ALAN: Yes.

DYSART: And there he spoke to you, didn't he? He looked at you with his gentle eyes, and spake unto you?

ALAN: Yes.

DYSART: What did he say? 'Ride me? Mount me, and ride me forth at night?'

ALAN: Yes.

DYSART: And you obeyed?

ALAN: Yes.

DYSART: How did you learn? By watching others?

ALAN: Yes.

DYSART: It must have been difficult. You bounced about?

ALAN: Yes.

DYSART: But he showed you, didn't he? Equus showed you the way.

ALAN: No!

DYSART: He didn't?

ALAN: He showed me nothing! He's a mean bugger! Ride — or fall! That's Straw Law.

DYSART: Straw Law?

ALAN: He was born in the straw, and this is his law.

DYSART: But you managed? You mastered him?

ALAN: Had to!

DYSART: And then you rode in secret?

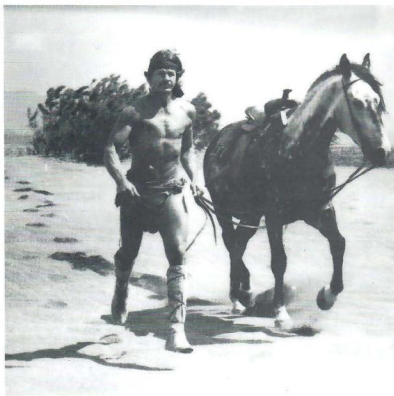
ALAN: Yes.

DYSART: How often?

ALAN: Every three weeks. More, people would notice.

DYSART: (going back to his bench) You take your shoes off?

ALAN: Everything.



lean forward around the circle, each placing a gloved hand on the rail. Alan rises and walks right back to the upstage corner, left.

Take me!

He runs and jumps high onto Nugget's back.

(crying out) Ah!

DYSART: What is it?

ALAN: Hurts!

DYSART: Hurts?

ALAN: Knives in his skin! Little knives — all inside my legs.

DYSART: All your clothes?

ALAN: Yes.

He mimes undressing completely in front of the horse. When he is finished, and obviously quite naked, he throws out his arms and shows himself fully to his God, bowing his head before Nugget.

DYSART: Where do you leave them?

ALAN: Tree hole near the gate. No one could find them.

He walks upstage and crouches by the bench, stuffing the invisible clothes beneath it. Dysart sits again on the left bench, downstage beyond the circle.

DYSART: How does it feel now?

ALAN: (holds himself) Burns.

DYSART: Burns?

ALAN: The mist!

DYSART: Go on. Now what?

ALAN: The Manbit.

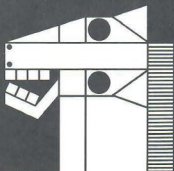
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# EQUUS

A Play by Peter Shaffer

WINNER OF THE TONY AWARD FOR BEST PLAY  
THEATRICAL DYNAMITE! *Newsweek*



He reaches again under the bench and draws out an invisible stick.

DYSART: Manbit?

ALAN: The stick for my mouth.

DYSART: Your mouth?

ALAN: To bite on.

DYSART: Why? What for?

ALAN: So's it won't happen too quick.

DYSART: Is it always the same stick?

ALAN: Course. Sacred stick. Keep it in the hole. The Ark of the Manbit.

DYSART: And now what? ... What do you do now?

Pause. He rises and approaches Nugget.

DYSART: Where?

ALAN: (in wonder) All over. Everywhere. Belly. Ribs. His ribs are ivery. Of great value! ... His flank is cool. His nostrils open for me. His eyes shine. They can see in the dark ... Eyes! —

Suddenly he dashes in distress to the farthest corner of the square.

DYSART: Go on! ... Then?

Pause.

ALAN: Give sugar.

DYSART: A lump of sugar?

ALAN returns to Nugget.

DYSART: His Last Supper.

DYSART: Last before what?

ALAN: Ha Ha.

He kneels before the horse, palms upward and joined together.

DYSART: Do you say anything when you give it to him?

ALAN: (offering it) Take my sins. Eat them for my sake. ... He always does.

Nugget bows the mask into Alan's palm, then takes a step back to eat.

And then he's ready.

DYSART: You can get up on him now?

ALAN: Yes!

DYSART: Do it, then. Mount him.

Alan, lying before Nugget, stretches out on the square. He grasps the top of the thin metal pole embedded in the wood. He whispers his God's name ceremonially.

ALAN: Equus! ... Equus! ... Equus!

He pulls the pole upright. The actor playing Nugget leans forward and grabs it. At the same instant all the other horses

Nugget mimes restiveness.

ALAN: Stay, Equus. No one said Go! ... That's it. He's good. Equus the Godslave. Faithful and True. Into my hands he commends himself — naked in his chinkle-chankle. (he punches) Stop it! ... He wants to go so badly.

DYSART: Go, then. Leave me behind. Ride away now, Alan. Now! ... Now you are alone with Equus.

Alan stiffens his body.

ALAN: (ritually) Equus — son of Fleckwus — son of Neckwus — Walk. A hum from the Chorus.

Very slowly the horses standing on the circle begin to turn the square by gently pushing the wooden rail. Alan and his mount start to revolve. The effect, immediately, is of a statue being slowly turned round on a plinth. During the ride however the speed increases, and the light decreases until it is only a fierce spotlight on horse and rider, with the over-spill glinting on the other masks leaning in towards them.

Here we go. The King rides out on

Equus, mightiest of horses. Only I can ride him. He lets me turn him this way and that. His neck comes out of my body. It lifts in the dark. Equus, my Godslave! ... Now the King commands you. Tonight, we ride against them all.

DYSART: Who's all?

ALAN: My foes and His.

DYSART: Who are your foes?

ALAN: The Hosts of Hoover. The Hosts of Philco. The Hosts of Pifco. The House of Remington and all its tribe!

DYSART: Who are His foes?

ALAN: The Hosts of Jodhpur. The Hosts of Bowler and Gymkhana. All those who show him off for their vanity. Trot! Trot! Trot! The speed of the turning square increases.

Steady-y! Steady-y! Steady-y! Steady-y! Cowboys are watching! Take off their stetsons. They know who we are. They're admiring us! Bowing low unto us! Come on now — show them! Canter! ... CANTER!

He whips Nugget.

And Equus the Mighty rose against All!

His enemies scatter, his enemies fall!

TURN!

Trample them, trample them,

Trample them, trample them,

TURN!

TURN!

TURN!!!

The Equus noise increases in volume. (shouting) Wee! ... WAA! ... WON- DERFUL! ...

I'm stiff! Stiff in the wind!

My name, stiff in the wind!

My flanks! My Hooves!

Mane on my legs, on my flanks, like whips!

Raw!

Raw!

I'm raw! Raw!

Feel me on you! On you! On you! On you!

I want to be in you!

I want to BE you forever and ever! —

Equus, I love you!

Now! —

Bear me away!

Make us One Person!

He rises Equus frantically.

One Person! One Person! One Person! One Person!

He rises up on the horse's back, and calls like a trumpet.

Ha-HA! ... Ha-HA! ... Ha-HA!

The trumpet turns to great cries.

HA-HA! HA-HA! HA-HA! HA-HA!

HA! ... HA! ... HAAAAA!

He twists like a flame.

Silence.

The turning square comes to a stop in the same position it occupied at the opening of the Act.

Slowly the boy drops off the horse's back on to the ground. He lowers his head and kisses Nugget's hoof. Finally he flings back his head and cries up to him:

AMEN!

Nugget snorts, once.

BLACKOUT

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# COME TO THE STABLE

## THE HORSEMASTER

Jack Fritscher

You watch the Horsemaster mount his Stallion. His big boots glisten with spurs. He lifts up out of the sundusted corral. His muscular thighs fill out his faded levis. His crotch worn a tighter shade of pale, rubs against the saddle horn.

Sweat-cured leather creaks under his muscular weight. He settles easy into the saddle cinched tight around his big Stallion's back. He is shirtless. His chest full and sweaty. Thick muscles cord his bronco arms and shoulders. The Stallion stands 17 hands high.

The horse is the measure of the Man.

The Horsemaster's hands are big, experienced, gnarled around the leather reins. Son of a son of a rancher's son. He straddles the big Stallion the way a man mounts a lover. His young neck tanned like rich leather. Dark hair mats down his neck, turns golden down his naked spine. His mane.

The Stallion paws the ground. Lowers his long neck. Raises it.

The Horsemaster's teeth bare white with disciplined intent. The Stallion bares his teeth as the bit pulls tighter in his mouth. The Horsemaster holds a small rawhide whip in his own bared teeth.

The Stallion stomps expectantly. Harnessed. Muscles ready for heavy workout. The Horsemaster has mounted him before. He rides hard. Trot. Canter. Gallop. Full gallop. Mane of Stallion and Man flying together in the wind. Hellbent for leather.

You've seen him before. Followed him. Followed the Stallion and the Man into the woods. The Horsemaster dismounted. Naked. Sprawled back on the rocks in the sun. Man and Stallion: both breathing heavy.

The Stallion knows his Master. The Horsemaster knows his Stallion.

You know them both together. As one. Stallion and Man. Man and Stallion. The muscular match of beast and man. Riding like one being: half-horse, half-man. Male muscle beast. Stud Stallion Master. Thigh-crunching power. Sides heaving. Mouth foaming. Glazed wild animal eyes. Reflections: hooves trampling through shallow sunsplashed streams. Through dark night woods.

Late night whinnying from the quiet stable. Flanks curried to a high gloss by muscular arms heavy and glossy with sweat.

You want him. You want the Horsemaster. His haunches heavy on your bare back. His thighs tight and naked on your heaving sides. Panting. His bit and bridle forced hard into your mouth. His riding crop. His spurs. His sweat. Ridden. Tethered in the straw. Tethered in a moonlit stall. Groomed. Curried. Inspected. His sweaty fingers probing your mouth open. Fingering your teeth. Fingering deep down your throat. Approvingly, he slaps your flanks with his hand.

The Stallion in the next stall paws the

dirt, blows out his heavy horsebreath nervously. His hindquarters shudder at the sound of the slap on your flanks. He moves nervously as the Horsemaster leaves the two of you. Each tethered in your separate stalls.

The Stallion moves again. The planks, separating your stall from his, shake. You look. Up. At the thick underbelly of the Stallion. His golden eye flashes. The thick golden stream steams down into the cold night straw. You are tethered. Tied far away from him. Horse hide. Horse smell. His tail raises proudly. Hot steaming horse dump hits the wet straw.

You ache for the Horsemaster. You

are bound. Naked. Booted on all fours. Feet and hands each laced into four separate boots. The boots shoed with iron horse shoes. A quilted blanket, stiff with dried horse sweat, tied across your back. The bit in your mouth is cold. Tethered for hours in the stinking stall.

Then he comes again. Hungry in the night. Your Horsemaster. Enters in the night. Naked. Muscular. Boated. Hairy. Breathing hard through his broad flaring nostrils. Dusty. Hell's a-beckoning you to a total workout.

You watch him. He skims his thick hands down his Stallion's long forehead. Between the wild equine eye. He sniffs his hands. Strokes his Stallion again. Sniffs his calloused palms. His hands glisten with the horse sweat. The Stallion stares wildly at him. Expectant of the night's hard, fast ride.

Instead, the Horsemaster spits your way. Spits again into his horselick hand. Strokes his own horse-size cock. Wets it. Strokes it. Strokes again the Stallion's long nuzzle. Strokes again his own studmate. Brings it up for show. Ties a length of salty rawhide around the base of his own cock and heavy balls.

The Stallion backs away.

The Horsemaster looks down at you. Forces a sugar cube between your teeth. You chew hungrily on the sweet acid taste.

He uncinches your blanket in the warm barn air. Wet. Sweat. Mancock. Smell of hay and manure and him. He strokes your face, your matted hair. Rubs your back. Carries your flanks, your buttocks with a stiff brush. Moves behind you. The boots heavy on your feet. The boots tight on your hands. He has shod you well.

He strokes behind you.

The Stallion lunges in the next stall.

He spreads your flanks.

The Stallion whinnies.

A night ride. Another night ride. Spurred on. Sugar-acid powered. You paw the straw. Pissing your heavy piss. Your water drunk always from a trough.

The Horsemaster lifts his long, heavy centaur-dick. Rides on into you. Bucking. Spurring you. Ridding you. Hard. Deep. Trot. Canter. Gallop.

You turn, post, breakaway. Obey. Obey. Obey his strong hard shoulders. Obey the bulk of his thick maned arms. Obey his harder hands fisted around the leather reins guiding the bit in your tender mouth. Cinched tight, you turn in full harness.

In the next stall, you see the wild Stallion's dark look. Reflected in his golden eye, you see your Horsemaster's commanding face. The long, square-jawed ranchface of your Horsemaster. Coming. Coming into you. In you.



PHOTO BY ROY DEAN

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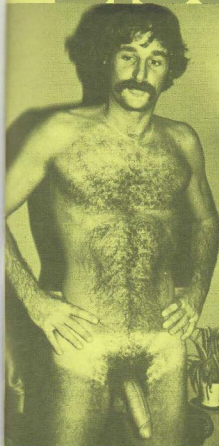
# in hot blood

# BOOK SECTION

## in hot blood

### PART TWO

EDITOR'S NOTE: If you missed Part One, just start reading here. These guys are so hot, hard, and horny, you can pick 'em up anywhere. Old Reliable did. EX-CONS is a David R. Hurler verite production.



DAVID

This hairy-chested stud's done it all and not become jaded, either. Muscular, tan, with a hard cock in front and firm round cakes in back, he's ready for anything, anything at all. He's been in the army, worked in a nut-house, and a whole lot more. Any night after dark you'll find him ready for lots of action, and he can handle it.

ACE: Long hard homosexuals man — you know what I mean — that would get down like — like when I was in the joint man — there was this one fuckin' punk named Psycho — this mother fucker was a stone homosexual as long as the night — he was — they had a riot there man — E Wing — they called it the E Wing Massacre — and ah — this mother fucker was the leader —

BO: Yeah —

ACE: You know what I mean — like he had a shank in one hand and a chain in the other hand man — and he was talkin' about Zeig Heil all the way down from the third tier to the skid row man — chasin' them niggers — you know — have 'em screamin' and beggin' for mercy —

BO: Heh heh — heh heh —

ACE: And this mother fucker'd suck a dick in a quick minute — you know what I mean —

BO: But had a hard-on —

ACE: But had a long heart — weighed about ninety pounds wringing wet — you know —

BO: I've seen some punks — man that was buff — nineteens and — and shit — you know —

ACE: Oh yeah there —

BO: Fuckers look like they've been lifting weights — man — he would suck a big dick —

ACE: There was this fuckin' — check this out — there was this nigger in the joint — man — his name was Leroy — I think his name was Leroy — this mother fucker was about six foot five man — you know what I mean — he had about ah — good twenties man — you know — at least man — this mother fucker was a stoned punk — you know — and ah — one night he woke up — and ah — he was in this cell with this other nigger man that I had a class with man — I heard 'em talking about it — you know — and ah — this other nigger that — he was just a skinny fucker man — you know — and ah — he told this fuckin' celled man — he says you know what man — I want you to fuck me — you know — and the other nigger says — hey man wait a minute — you know — I don't play around — you know — and the big nigger told him — you know what mother fucker — either you fuck me or I'm gonna fuck you up —

BO: Bull shit!

ACE: Yeah. That's what he told him man — either you fuck me man or I'm gonna fuck you up.

BO: Yah,

# EX-CONS: We Abuse Fags

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OLD RELIABLE TAPES  
P.O. BOX 5927  
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101

ACE: So like the nigger didn't have no alternative so he rooted on that big old homosexual man — you know what I mean — Finally man somebody gave him up — and they locked this big sissy ass up — and then after he locked up man — he started gettin' into it — you know — can you imagine a big fuckin' 250 pound nigger horse with fuckin' huge fuckin' arms walkin' to the shower with his eyebrows all plucked out —

BO: Really —

ACE: You know what I mean —  
BO: Really —

ACE: Tryin' to act like a sissy — heh heh heh —  
BO: Heh heh heh —

ACE: You know what I mean — I can see that one — when can I get on — you know what I mean — fuck —

BO: I hope that mother — I hope he don't want to fuck me —

ACE: I hope he don't want to fuck me either — heh heh heh —

BO: Heh heh heh — (coughing and more coughing) — Yeah — well this Donna Mae — man she was pretty big. She was on the fat side — you know — Bart introduced me to her — you know —

ACE: Hey, Bart's a sick mother fucker, huh? I knew that dude pretty well —

BO: I know — but I love it — you know —

ACE: That mother fucker was crazy man —

BO: He was big coon boon at Prescott —

ACE: He did what — thirty-three months or somethin' man —

BO: He did it at one time —

ACE: All at once — 'cause we was cuttin' it up one time about who did the most time at one time and why — he had me beat by eight or nine months — you know —

BO: Yeah —

ACE: Well he split a couple times — you know — at a crack — caught some robberies while he was on escape —

BO: Yeah — we oughta go down man ah — one of these nights down to the Monkey Pod man and try to hassle a couple of them fuckin' queers — man —

ACE: I went down there the other night — man —

BO: When we go up to the City when we take this tape up there right now — when we go up to the City — we go down Market Street or somethin' man — and ah — you know — check out those faggots and shit — you know —

ACE: Yeah —

BO: They will pay man —

ACE: I know — so —

BO: Like I don't try and fuck them over man —

ACE: It's pretty nice to get paid to beat one up —

BO: Really —

ACE: You know what I mean — to get paid for comin' to someone's house and all —

BO: Yeah — heh heh heh —

ACE: Them fuckers will pay for doing that shit man — they don't know that — they don't know that a young jumper like myself enjoys it — you know what I mean —

BO: No — they'd be thinkin' ah —

ACE: They'd be thinkin' they're

gettin' over on the mother fucker — they ain't gettin' over on nobody — heh heh heh — I'll fuck one of them other fuckers quick —

BO: They probably think they do man — as long as they get to suck a dick — they probably think they're gettin' over it — you know —

ACE: Heh heh heh —

BO: Heh heh —

ACE: You're standing steak — and you're always happy — we're happy — they're happy — ah —

BO: Yeah — (cough) —

ACE: Say — but do you know what — ah —

BO: (cough and throat clearing) — one thing I never did man like — I've beat on 'em — I'd beat on a person man — if they wanted me — to you know — if the dude was a masochist or somethin' — and they wanted me to beat on 'em and piss on 'em — shit I'd do it — but I never did it to nobody that didn't want it — you know — I never ripped it — ripped any — someone like that off — or ah — anything like that man — you know —

ACE: Yeah — that's me — 'cause you know what like — you know what ah — as far as those messes are concerned man — ah — you know like I respect them 'cause they're doin' their thing — you know what I mean —

BO: Yeah — well that's them man — they admit it — you know —

ACE: And they'll talk to you — and — and — and they're willing to pay a mother fucker — man — so that's cool — you know — I wouldn't fuck one up — you know what I mean — ah —

BO: Heh heh heh —

ACE: Yeah — I treat 'em with some respect man — you know — but if that's — if the mother fucker wanted me to beat him up — piss in his mouth — you know — and shit in his face man — you know — rub my nut sack all over his nose —

BO: Really —

ACE: Yeah — I'll do it — you know — they'd probably enjoy it —

BO: I'd like to find ah — I'd like to find a couple drag queens up in the City man — drag queens that look like broads —

ACE: Yeah — got their own pad and shit —

BO: Yeah — yeah — go to their pad and watch some fuck movies — you know what I mean — smoke some weed — man —

ACE: Snort some cocaine — yeah —

BO: Champagne — yeah —

ACE: I hear that —

BO: Just kick back man — get your dick sucked — ones with righteous tits and shit man — you know — and — ah — hey — I had a partner in the joint man — he was an old dude — had a drag queen

#### TIM

A body of steel and gold. He got tough early from street fighting and growing up in the suburbs. He is married . . . a daddy and likes guys too. He took up pro boxing for awhile, but prefers to fight in the street. A tough puppy dog.





visit him — she was in havin' an operation man — well she had her dick cut off and got a pussy — she —

ACE: She was in the joint?

BO: Oh no — she was on the streets —

ACE: She was a righteous broad — huh —

BO: This dude's name was Mack — he was about fifty-two, fifty-three years old — good people though — he was sick you know —

ACE: Uh huh —

BO: But ah — he had done time twice man — he killed his first wife — blew her away — and then got in — and was out — he did five — he did a nickle on that — five years — he got out — stayed out eight years — doin' successful man — businessman — ownin' hotels and shit — and then he fuckin' — he fired up this old lady of his — and she snatched on him — he was still on parole man — they sent him back — he'd been down five and had a date — had a three month date — and was in love with this fuckin' drag queen — you know — they was goin' to get married and everything — he'd be bustin' slob with her and everything and that shit — so fuckin' in love man — you know —

ACE: Yeah — I hear that —

BO: And ah — Sharon man — my old lady used to drive up with her you know — because she had a car and shit — Sharon and a couple other girls would drive up with her — you know — and they'd get a hotel together — I kept tellin' Sharon — you sure that mother fucker ain't got a dick — but Mack kept tellin' us you know — she got her dick cut off — Sharon said I don't know — I've never seen — you know — but anyway —

ACE: She would had to reach down there and grab —

BO: Yeah —

ACE: You know what I mean —

BO: Come up with a ten inch dick —

ACE: Either come up with a ten inch dick or a handful of pussy —

BO: Heh heh heh — but anyway this dude died — he had a heart attack about two months before he was supposed to go home —

ACE: Is that right?

BO: He'd done all that time just to die man —

ACE: Just to die, huh — that's cold huh —

BO: (obviously nodding or somethin' — possibly blowing each other)

ACE: That shit happens though, you know — you know like when I was in — you know when I was down there and the last time my cellie man — my bunkie — you know — like in CRC you don't have cells there — you know — dorms — you know — my bunkie man — this mother fucker man — he was about 38 — he was Mexican dude — you know — good mother fuckin' dude too, you know — and ah — done did half his life — you

know — institutions and jails and shit, you know — behind that madness called heroin — you know —

BO: Yeah —

ACE: And ah — anyway I see this mother fucker writin' these letters all ways — and they were fuckin' page after — hey, I'd come back to the dorm always — you know what I mean — to get a cigarette or whatever — you know — and he'd be on his bed just writin' this mother fuckin' letter — and he'd — ten and twelve pages — you know — so fater a while I got to — you know — I got to wonderin' man — you know — he and me were pretty tight — you know — you know — I asked him, I says ah — man, who you be writin' all them long love letters to man — you know — what's happenin' man — and he pulled me to the side and said — you know, I'll tell you man — but ah — I don't want you to tell nobody you know — I want you to keep your yop closed — if you do man — could fuck me around — you know — so all right — so anyway he whips out these photos — and he had three photos of this drag queen — man — and like you know — I don't think she was that fine — I've seen finer — you know — but ah — he was tellin' me man that ah — this mother fucker takes care of him — you know — like ah — when he gets out man — he goes to her pad man — and like he walks inside the pad and she takes him right straight to the closet you know — and shows him all the fine new threads she gets for him — you know — nice car, you know — like the bitch takes care of him — man — like — he was tellin' me man that ah — he used to have to find a righteous old lady — you know — and ah — but the bitch wouldn't take care of no business — so he had — so he had this righteous old lady and he had this — this punk man — you know — I don't want to call him a punk man — you know — this drag queen or whatever — you know — and ah — he told me man that he wanted to get rid of the righteous broad — so what he did was he invited them both over to his pad at the same time — man — so the queer came over first — dig — so —

BO: Really —

ACE: Anyway they was in the bedroom and the clothes was on the bed and

Jerry went — that's what his name was — actually they called him ah — ah Teacher in the joint — but his name was Jerry and ah — Jerry fixed him a cup of coffee — so then his righteous old lady came — you know — and knocked on the door man — and Jerry let her in you know — and she come walkin' in — and she walked into the bedroom man — and seen this sissy sittin' there man — and Jerry said she's crazy — didn't have ah —

BO: Bit of that —

ACE: Never seen her gasp like that — he just — you know — kept on shoving more to the sissy man — he told me man — fuck them broads — you know I can understand, you know — a man's been locked up a long time you know — like — and sissies are good to 'em — you know —

BO: Yeah — yeah —

ACE: They take care of 'em —

BO: I don't blame 'em man — 'cause Tropicana — that's where the Tropicana Village is over there — that white ghetto — you know —

ACE: Yeah —

BO: And ah — he was married to a drag queen — he done so much time — he got out and married a drag queen there —

ACE: You know — I can understand you know — where they're comin' from because —

BO: He was institutionalized —



#### CAL

This tough young punk has been on the street for years . . . maybe you've seen him on Selma, or Market Street . . . when he's not in the slammer. So, he's pretty wise . . . street-wise, that is. But the streets can harden a man, and in Cal's case they've hardened his body more than his mind. He'll do whatever you ask, if the price is right. And he's still young enough to be playful. He's hot alright, but you might have to put him in the shower . . .

ACE: 'Cause them fuckin' drag queens they understand a mother fuckin' convict — you know what I mean — they understand — they understand where his head's at man —

BO: Most of 'em have — a lot of them have done time — you know —

ACE: And the mother fuckin' drag queens know that a convict makes good to a mother fucker — you know that — he will —

BO: He don't want penitentiary ass fuckin' —

ACE: Catch them back off the streets — man and — ah — ah — tell 'em you know what — I'll pay you to fuck me man — or catch some convict and drag 'em to your pad — and let him fuck you — you know you're gettin' fucked — you know that —

BO: That's right —

ACE: Nice skinny drag queen — I'll tell you man — a convict can pacify the mother —

BO: Yeah —

ACE: Homosexual — you know what I mean — I like fuckin' 'em myself — I ain't done that in quite a time — you know — you know what — I'll fuck 'em — oh yes — I might even —

BO: They dig it man — one thing about a homosexual is like — they let it be known that they want your dick — whereas a broad will play all them games —

ACE: Them stupid-ass games —

BO: Fuck with ya —

ACE: Fuck it man — they say let me suck your dick — I want to suck all the come out of your balls and shit — you know —

BO: Yeah —

ACE: They just put it right out — right out on Front Street man — you know —

BO: Yeah —

ACE: They don't beat around — you know — they like you man —

BO: There's a lot of broads, whores, they won't let you come off in their mouths — man — a homosexual does — that's what they want —

ACE: Wait — that's their trip man — they like to suck on that dick and ah —

BO: Kick back and close your eyes man — fantasize and fuck them — a broad you'd seen or somethin' — you know walking down the street or somethin' —

ACE: You know what's happenin' though man — after you'd be fuckin' them for a while man — it gets so good that you know — you don't fantasize about broads no more — you start fantasizing about punks — heh heh heh —

BO: Heh heh heh — got my dick going — heh heh heh —

ACE: Hey — you know what — I swear to God — when I was in the jailhouse — that fuckin' — that fuckin' punk I told you about — that used to be my cellie's cellie at one time — that mother fucker was so fine — oh I used to dream about that mother fucker — man — but you know I never fucked him man — you know — but just the same the mother fucker — you had to see her to believe her —

BO: Always do —

ACE: You know — that fucker should have been a broad — you know — he was an inch from a king — how'd you say it — an inch from a queen and an inch from a king — some trip like that — he was fine —

BO: We'd better start gettin' our shit together man so we can get up to the City —

ACE: Yeah —

BO: And ah —

#### RUBEN

Just your average Tax-Mex. This guy's uncle brought him out. But I guess that's not unique. He should have to get a heavy equipment operator's license. If you dig an accent you ought to hear this one. But Ruben knows what he's got, and he dispenses it sparingly. Give him a drink and a quailade and he'll do anything. Tell him in Spanish and he'll do it twice as hard.

ACE: Give me about five minutes — man —

BO: We can start — reach right there — and ah — and ah — see if we can catch us a couple of sissies man — I sure would like to get my dick sucked today —

ACE: I hear ya —

BO: I ain't come in about a week — goin' back to —

ACE: I got a whole quart stored up for one of them fine little mother fuckers —

BO: I'll fill the mother fucker's mouth up — boy —

ACE: Make that mother fucker just like the Atlantic Ocean — you know what I mean —

BO: Get 'em come drunk —

ACE: He'll be walkin' around all dazed from gettin' that come —

BO: Really —

ACE: I'll shoot so much come in that hole that it'll come out of his ear lobes — BO: Right —

ACE: You know — he'll think we shootin' — he'll think we're flashin' on some crank —

BO: Right —

ACE: Yeah — I hope we do catch us a couple of fine lookin' punks down there — you know —

BO: There's a lot of them down there — man —

ACE: I know there is man — I used to work in the City movin' furniture and ah — I was movin' this fuckin' piano with this cat one time — and we — and it was ah — homosexual you know — and I — we was pushin' it — we walking by the dude's bathroom man — and right on the shower wall man — huge gigantic picture of a dick and a set of nuts man — gigantic, blown up — it was about — fuck it — five or six feet long both ways — you know —

BO: Yeah —

ACE: I just looked at it and then at the punk man — he smiled — you know — hey the punk knew where I was at — you know — I guess he could see — you know — know that I know where his head's at — you know what I mean — like — as quiet as it's kept — if I wasn't with this dude right now I'd just — I just might let him suck my dick — you know what I mean —

BO: Darn rights —

ACE: For free — you know what I mean —

BO: Give 'em a freebie — huh?

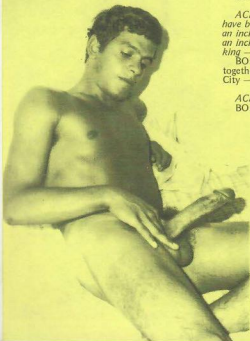
ACE: Give 'em a freebie — yeah —

BO: Heh heh heh —

ACE: Heh heh heh —

BO: Let's go to the City man and get some head —

ACE: Heh heh heh — yeah — (probably doing each other first)



# INTERVIEW WITH A PRISONER OF WAR

By Spike Wood

*(This is one in a series of interviews conducted with men who were involved in the Vietnam War. All names in all of the interviews have been changed.)*

This isn't easy for me to talk about, but I figure that it would be good for me to get it all out. I mean, the things happened and there's nothing can change that now.

It's just like the war. It would be nice to forget about the War in Vietnam. I know that a lot of people have done that. But, I can't forget about it. It happened. I went through it. There's nothing that can change that.

What you want to hear about is the sex part. I know that. That's the part that no one asked me about and that's the part I figure it would be good to get off my chest, if you know what I mean.

Even my wife, when I came back — at first she didn't want to ask me about anything at all. She didn't want to bring up the subject of the years I was in the prison in Vietnam. But, after a little while, she started to ask questions. She really wanted to know about things.

But, even she never asked what I did for sex during all those years. Maybe she guessed what had happened over there and she didn't want to hear it for a fact.

Since the time I got back from there, I've been reading all I can find about homosexuality. I read the stuff while I'm in the library because I don't want to bring it back home. I don't want my wife to ask any questions about why I'm reading a particular book.

But, look, you have to know that we've had a normal sex life since the time I got back to the states. I couldn't stand to keep it in my pants from the time that I saw my wife. I just wanted to get it in her.

And yet, I can't deny that the other thing happened when I was over there. I actually look at guys now, when I see a good-looking guy, and I try to think, "Would I want to put it in that sucker?" Sometimes I can feel that sort of tingling in my balls that tells me that the answer is yes. But, since the time I got back to the states, I never did it.

Up till the time I went over there I had never done anything. I swear. Now I'm reading these books about homosexuality and I read the parts about young boys fooling around together. When I was a boy I was always out and playing ball. I suppose that was it. All the sex drive was being used up playing ball.

But, when I was locked up in a cell that was eight by eight with one window up on the wall, there was no chance for releasing that sex drive anywhere.

First there was a time of about five months when I really thought I was going to go crazy. I was alone in that cell. There was another bed on the other side of it. Or, at least, it was what passed for a bed over there. My feet always came over the end of it.

Anyway, I don't know why they had me in a cell alone when all the others had two guys in them. I suppose they were trying to break me. Who can say? Maybe it's just paranoia now that makes me say that.

I would see the other guys when they would let us go out in the afternoon sun. I think it was supposed to be our daily exercise session. All we did was to walk around in circles. We weren't allowed to talk to each other when we walked.

Then, once a week, we would go out for showers. Actually, I could look out the window of my cell and see the other guys getting their showers before it was my turn.

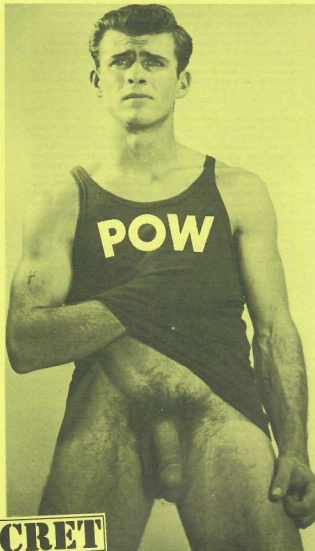
All we had were these loose-fitting shorts that got looser as all of us lost weight, and these sandals and these T-shirts. When we went for showers, the guard ordered us to strip in our cells and run out.

He would open about three or four cells at once and the guys would all strip down and go running out the door at the end of the compound.

There was this one hose that a guard would hold. Sometimes there wouldn't even be any soap, and of course we would all be running around in the spray of water from the hose, trying to get the sweat off our bodies.

I can remember one day, when I was still alone in the cell, when I was looking out the window at the guys who were already taking their showers and I started to get a boner. I didn't know why I was getting hard.

Well, actually, locked up there with no one to talk to and nothing to do all day, I had gotten into the habit of playing with myself a hell of a lot. I mean, I wouldn't even be hard, but I'd reach down and just start to pull on it because I had nothing else to do.



**SECRET**

Anyway, I was there and trying to get the boner to go down. I knew that they were going to pull my door open and make me run out there naked for my shower. I didn't want the other guys to see me with a boner.

What would they think of me if I was there with all the other guys and I was hard? I started to play with myself, hoping that I could cum and get it soft by the time they came to my door.

Wouldn't you know that the damn guard pulled my door open just when I'm in the middle of playing with myself by the window. Since there were naked men outside that I could see through the window, you can imagine what he thought was turning me on.

He sort of snickered and leered at me when he told me to strip. There was nothing I could do. I went running out along with the other guys and I kept figuring that my dick would get soft when I got under the shower. But, that didn't happen.

I suppose the problem was that I was so upset and worried about the boner that it wouldn't go away. When I was showering, I didn't meet the eyes of the other guys, knowing that they could see my stiff one.

I had noticed some of them who sometimes weren't completely soft, but I had never seen one of them with a full-fledged boner like I had there. It was sticking up against my belly.

That was the first time in my life I was ever sorry about the size of my dick. I know it's bigger than average and I always used to be proud of it in the locker room. But, even as a kid in the locker room I had never had an uncontrollable boner.

When we were through showering, the guard who had first come to my door pushed me aside from the others and wouldn't let me go back into the compound. He kept me standing there and I was sure that my stiff dick would have to go away. But it didn't.

He was already running out the next group of naked guys. They were all looking at me and wondering what I was doing standing there.

With my boner up against my belly, I tried to hide it with my hands. But, the guard used that chance to announce to all the men who were showering that they should look at me because I was playing with myself. He said that I couldn't keep my hands off my dick because of all the pretty American soldiers who were naked.

That was when I exploded. I was a prisoner and I knew better than to make any trouble, but when the guard said that, I started toward him. It was stupid. I mean, he had a rifle that he pointed at my crotch and I stopped. So much for my big revolt.

Then they had a reason to punish me. He ordered me to put my hands on my head and stand where everyone in the cells could see me and could see my big erection. Then the guard made an announcement so that all the guys at their barred window could hear him.

He said just about the same thing that he had said to the other guys. He told them all that I was hard because I couldn't resist the naked soldiers. I just tried to keep my eyes shut.

When they were training us in Nam, they warned us that if we were taken prisoner the Cong would try to attack our masculinity. They figured that American men had a lot of hang-ups about being queer and that it was an easy way to get to us.

That day got to me. I hated my dick as much as I hated the Cong. It just wouldn't go soft while I was standing there in full view of all the cells on my side of the compound.

Anyway, that wasn't the big thing. The big thing happened when they finally moved someone into my cell. I was really grateful to have someone to talk to in that damn place.

But, hell, they really gave me a winner there. At least that was my first reaction. I was twenty-four at that time and this was a kid who had just turned eighteen the month before. I was brought up in a small town in Vermont and this kid, Ben, was from Brooklyn. I don't think we had anything in common. Maybe that's why they put him there.

And, rather than making the problem of jerking off too much easier, it made it more difficult. We each had one sheet to pull over ourselves, but that didn't do much to hide our jerking off.

I can remember when he had been there about a week and he said, "We're both guys. I know what you got between your legs and you know what I got."

I didn't know what he was talking about, but he said, "I know you been trying to hide it when you beat your meat at night and that's pretty dumb to do." He was very blunt.

When he had said that I suppose that I blushed. He was so much younger than I was. At least at that time, six years seemed so much younger.

Anyway, all Ben ever talked about was how much he missed the stuff on the outside. Not only did he miss Brooklyn, but he missed being out and around in Vietnam.

Hell, he had only been there two months when he was taken prisoner. But, apparently, that kid had always been very heavy into dope and all sorts of things. I suppose the two things he talked about more than anything else were dope and sex and how much he needed both.

There was one time when I was naked — since we didn't have any change of clothes and just had to wash our stuff under the hose when they gave us a chance, I always used to sleep naked there. Anyway, I suppose I bent over to pick up my sandals, and Ben whistled at me.

I saw red. I was ready to tear his fucking head off for that. Not only did he whistle, but he said, "You better watch out. Your ass is looking pretty good to me."

I grabbed him by the neck and pushed him down against his own bed. We were about evenly matched, but I had been so fast that he didn't have time to do anything to stop me.

And then I was screaming at him. "You little queer mother-fucker! You just keep your queer nose out of my ass!" I was just screaming things that didn't make any sense. It didn't matter.

What did matter was that the guards came running to our cell. It wasn't as if they could hear conversation or anything like that, but the way I was yelling, I suppose they could hear it all over the compound.

They put me in this terrible little box. Most of it was under the ground. It wasn't quite tall enough for me to stand up, but it wasn't wide enough for me to sit down at all.

The only thing I could do was to sort of lean. I would lean over on one side until I could feel that I was getting sores there. I was naked in there and they just shoved a tray of food in twice a day. I had to eat it by hand.

Anyway, it was so horrible that I want to praise these guards for only leaving me in there for two days. That part I told the government about. I mean, when the army asked me what they had done to me over there in the prison camp, I described the box. But, I never said anything about the boner in front of all the guys.

When they took me out of the box I was really surprised that they brought me back to the same cell with Ben. I figured that since they had punished me for fighting with him they wouldn't put us together again.

I don't know what their thinking was. I have this feeling that they were playing games with us, experimenting with people and seeing how they would react to each other. But, maybe it's just my paranoia talking now.

Anyway, the two of us sort of made a truce. Neither of us wanted to take a chance of ending up in the box again. I felt a certain antipathy toward Ben because I got sent to the box, but he didn't.

Since I was the one who had my hands around his neck, they decided to only punish me. But, that was beside the point. I also knew that if anything happened between the two of us I would pay for it because they already had me listed as the troublemaker. Ben knew that also.

There were little things that kept coming up between us. There was one day that he started saying, "I know you're not queer. But there are times I wish you were queer. There was this guy back at home who loved to swing on cock. Every chance I gave him, he would be down on his knees sucking me."

That made me uncomfortable. I mean, I had been without sex for a longer period of time than Ben and I was terribly horny. I knew that I had a throbbing boner in my shorts when he was talking about getting blown.

Then he went on to say, "There were even times when I would make him real happy. I would stick my dick up his butt. He loved that. Did you ever stick your dick up a guy's butt?"

"I told you I'm not queer," I said.

"He's the queer one. He's the one who got it up the butt. It felt good having all that tight and hot flesh around my



dict."

I don't know how he twisted the conversation around with his convoluted logic, but he started saying that he had never let anyone do anything like that to him, but that he was so horny he would be willing to make a trade.

"What do you mean by making a trade?" I asked him.

"Are you interested?" he replied.

"I'm just trying to find out what you're talking about."

He became very intense as he said, "You know that I'm straight and I know that you're straight. But, both of us are real horny in here."

When I protested his remark, he said, "If you're not horny, then how come you have a hard-on while I'm talking about fucking guys up the ass?" I know that I could have made a good reply to him. I could have asked him how come he was noticing my hard-on, but I was too embarrassed.

Then he said, "I've never even touched another guy's cock and neither have you. But, I've had my cock taken care of by plenty of guys in their mouths or their asses. I would be willing to do something for you if you would do something for me."

I was stunned. I couldn't even reply to him. He leaned forward eagerly and said, "Do you wanna do it?"

"Don't come near me with your queer hands!" I said in a low voice. I was trembling. I wanted to slam into him, but I knew what would happen. I would just end up spending more time in that damn box and I couldn't bear that. I knew that I couldn't take that again.

Weeks passed. The subject of sex kept coming up. Perhaps two or three times during that period Ben kept suggesting that plan again. He would tell me that if I would let him use me for his cock, he would let me use him. He said that if we tried it one time and didn't like it, nobody would be hurt. It always got me furious and I knew why. As the weeks went by it was constantly on my mind.

Before that I would jerk off and think of my wife or think of some girl on television. Something like that. But, they were all so far away. I found then that I was jerking off and thinking about Ben.

No matter how you slice it that makes me a queer. Or, that made me a queer. I mean, I don't think about Ben anymore.

And then it finally happened. I really can't remember how long we had been in at that time. It's funny. These are all facts that I thought were etched into my memory, but I guess I've been trying to forget these things. After all, it's been years now and I've never spoken about this.

It was the middle of the night and he started to cry. He actually woke me up. When I called out to him to ask him if he was all right, he called back that he was. I could hear him crying though.

This wasn't easy for me. I didn't come from a background that was, how would you say it? — demonstrative.

The next morning, I noticed that he kept avoiding my eyes. That wasn't easy to do in a cell that size. I kept insisting that something was wrong and that he should tell me what it was. I guess that at that point I was feeling a sort of protective thing for him. I mean, he came on very tough, but he was only a kid and I looked on him sort of like a younger brother who needed protection.

It wasn't until that night that it came to a head. Well, not really to a head. It wasn't a fight that time. He started crying again.

"Please don't look at me," he said when he was crying.

"Come on, Ben," I said. "Don't fall for that bullshit about real men not crying. A real man can cry if he wants to." I didn't really know what I was saying, but I just wanted to make him feel better.

"You wouldn't say that if you knew the truth about me." He just kept repeating that lie over and over again.

There was a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. I couldn't imagine what it was that he wanted to tell me. I kept insisting that he should tell me and he just kept repeating that.

Then he said, "You would kill me if you knew the truth."

The only thing I could think of was that he had turned traitor on someone. But, hell, that was the kind of thing that happened in stupid movies. I kept telling him that I wouldn't kill him for anything.

He said, "I don't care if you kill me. I can't go on like this."

I was sure that the kid had flipped his lid at that point. He

said that I shouldn't look at him while he talked to me. He made me turn around and face the wall. I thought he was really acting like a child then, but I was worried about him. I guess that I was worried about him then.

His voice was low and even as he said, "I lied to you when I told you about things back home. I kept on telling you that both of us are straight and that I was just horny. But that isn't the truth."

An impulse made me start to turn around at that point. I suppose that I wanted to see if the kid was serious or not. But, I guess I knew that he was serious. I could tell by the tone of voice that he was.

"Don't look at me!"

"Jeze! It sounds dramatic when I say it now, but when he said all this to me, it was just very soft and intense."

He went on to tell me that he had been making it with guys since the time that he was a young kid, and he said that he wanted to come over to Vietnam to prove to everybody back home that he was a man.

I remember that I felt a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. But it wasn't that I was feeling sick over the fact that he had had sex with men. It was more like a sinking feeling because I felt so bad for him. I felt embarrassed for his embarrassment. Wait! I'm not putting him down. I didn't feel embarrassed over his homosexuality. Not exactly. I don't know if I'm making my point. But, I felt embarrassed over the fact that he was so embarrassed and over the fact that he needed to prove something about being a man. It's hard to explain.

He went on to tell me that he had been hot for me since the time he had come into the cell. He said that he had been having a hard time controlling himself and that all those suggestions of making an even trade where I should suck him and he would suck me, were fake. He said that he just wanted to do anything he could for me.

How could I ever forget that wording? "I just want to do anything I can for you." I knew what he meant by that.

There was a long pause after that and then I asked if I could turn around and look at him. When he didn't answer, I turned around. He was sitting on his bunk, looking at the wall.

"What can I say to you now, kid?" I asked him.

He just cleared his throat and shrugged his shoulders. I couldn't see him. I looked away from him and maybe there was an hour that passed.

"If you want me out of the cell," he said, "I'll do something to get in trouble. I'll make sure that you don't get in trouble."

"Come on. Don't talk stupid." I felt that all the weight was on me. Finally, I said it. I said the words that had been on the tip of my tongue all that time. You can't imagine how hard it was for me to say it.

"You wanna do something for me?" I really tried to say it in a very casual way, but I know the way the words came out. It was like saying it one word at a time. I wasn't looking at him when I said it.

"What would you like?"

That was too much for me. He was being cute and I exploded, shouting, "Come on. Don't make this any harder for me than it already is."

I still wasn't looking at him, but I knew when he came over to my bed. He was kneeling next to my bed and he said, "Just close your eyes and lean back. You can pretend it's anybody you want to pretend it is."

I did just what he said. I leaned back on the bed. My legs were hanging over the edge of the bed. I was just wearing the shorts and I could feel his hands reaching into the waistband of my shorts.

I lifted my hips up from the bed so that he could pull the shorts down. My boner came flopping out and then I felt his hand on it.

There was no way that I could have pretended that it was someone else. His hand was big and strong. It wasn't a woman's hand. It was the hand of a real man and it was turning me on.

Then I felt the tip of his tongue. He was teasing the damn thing mercilessly. He was just rubbing the tip of his tongue up and down on the head of it.

When I couldn't stand anymore of it, I mumbled, "Suck it." I couldn't help myself. But he sure didn't seem to mind. His lips were around the head of my dick and he swallowed down the full length of it.



THERE WE WERE. HE WAS LYING ON HIS BACK WITH HIS LEGS UP AND HIS ANKLES AROUND MY NECK. MY DICK WAS BURIED ALL THE WAY IN HIS BACKSIDE AND I WAS MOVING IT IN AND OUT LIKE WILD. I KNEW THAT I WAS FUCKING A GUY AND I LOVED DOING IT.

And that was the end for me. I couldn't hold back after that happened. I can remember everything about it. My balls rubbed up against his chin. Even though he was a pretty smooth-skinned kid, it had been at least two days since they had given us a chance to shave. So, he has a lot of bristles on his face and on his chin. I could feel my balls moving up toward my body and at the same time I could feel them rubbing over the sharp hairs that were on his chin.

I could feel his nose pressing in the patch of pubic hairs. Like I said, there was no way that I could pretend that it was someone else. I reached down and I grabbed him by the hair. There was no denying it. It was short hair. He smelled of male. I was sucked off by a guy for the first time.

But it wasn't the last time I ever had that happen. It became a regular ritual between the two of us.

I would wake up in the morning and find him down on my dick. That kid loved to swing on it. And he knew all sorts of tricks with his throat. He would take it all the way into his throat and then he would make a swallowing move with his throat so that the muscles back there would clamp tight around the head of it.

He would do that while I was cumming and he would always get some extra drops out of my balls that way.

Ben would beat off while he sucked me off. After the first few times I moved my hands down a little bit. I would rub my hands over his shoulders and his arms and even his face while he was sucking me off.

He knew that I was aware of the fact that I was having sex with a man. All the denials in the world wouldn't change that.

We went on like that for more than a month, when he said, "If I suggest something, do you promise that you won't get mad?"

I just shrugged. For a minute I thought that he was going to suggest that I should suck him off. I really didn't know how I would have reacted to that at that moment in time. But, he asked me if I wanted to fuck him.

I shook my head and told him that I couldn't imagine doing such a thing. He told me that I should leave everything to him.

Well, I was willing to take a chance on it. I kept my eyes open while he licked my dick and got it very wet with his spit. Then he spit on his fingers and he worked them around up his ass.

My dick was really hard then, but it had been that way a lot. The kid really knew how to take care of me.

I watched him as he squatted over the head of my hard dick. I really felt certain that my dick would go soft as soon as it made contact with his body. But it didn't. Believe me when I say that it didn't.

He managed to stretch himself around the head of my dick and I could feel that hot flash clinging around my dick. I almost shot right then.

Then he started to work his way down on my dick. I could feel the way he was wrapping his ass around my pole. It was hot. It was hotter inside than I ever could have imagined.

And he just managed to slide all the way down the length of it. He loved having it inside of him. He started to move up and down on my dick and then I sat up and rolled forward. I wanted to be on top for that part.

There we were. He was lying on his back with his legs up and his ankles around my neck. My dick was buried all the way in his backside and I was moving it in and out like wild. I knew that I was fucking a guy and I loved doing it.

I didn't close my eyes for anything. I watched his dick. He reached down and started to jerk it off. I didn't believe what happened then. He started to cum as soon as he was jerking his dick off and I could see it pulsing and splashing juice onto his chest and his belly.

But the special part is that while his dick was shooting, his bottom was tightening around my dick. I had never realized that when one tenses up, the other does also. But, it was like his ass was sucking on my cock.

I felt my dick being pulled into him as if he was some kind of vacuum cleaner. I shot a load that night like I had never shot before.

Hell, what can I tell you. It went on for the better part of two years. Then, one day, we were in the middle of doing it. I was on top of him, fucking the daylight out of his ass, and the guard came in.

Right away the kid started saying that he had seduced me. But I said that I had been raping the kid and forcing him.

The guard didn't care about any of that. He had both of us dragged off to the boxes that were outside. I was stuffed into one of those boxes just like the last time. It was that thing I told you about where I had to lean to one side. I was locked up there for four days, I think. I'm really not sure how long I was in there.

It was murder. That time it wasn't only the fact that I was in a cramped position, but I was worrying about Ben.

When they brought me back to the same cell, I was surprised. I asked the guard where Ben was and he said that he didn't know. He seemed strange about that question.

I kept on asking the same question. I kept on watching for him when the guys went out for their showers. At least if I saw him and saw that he was okay, it would make me feel better. But there was no sign of him.

One of the guards told me that he was sick and had been sent somewhere else. God knows what happened to the boy. I know that he's not living anymore.

I'm not homosexual now. I don't think I am. But, I can look you in the eye and say to you that I really regret — I will always regret — the fact that I didn't take that kid in my arms and kiss him and hold him all night long.

He wanted to prove to all the guys back in his old neighborhood that he was a real man. He was. Ben didn't have to prove anything to anyone. He was a real man. If only he had known that.



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# G&A BOOKS

G&A Books

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250 Book Center

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COVER MAN: COCK, STOCK, & BARREL-CHESTED

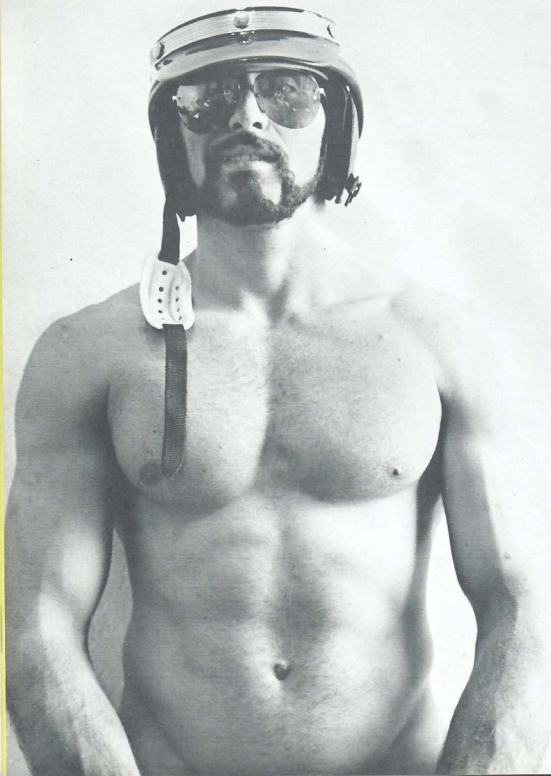
# BIG MIKE

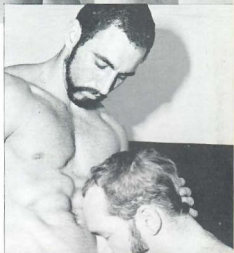
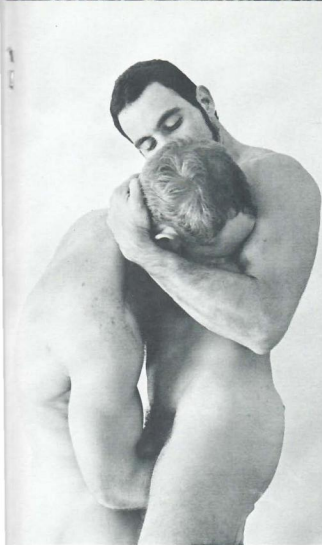
What muscles lurk in the jeans of men? The Sparrow knows. When Big Mike showed up in Levi's and a tanktop at DRUMMER's Third Anniversary Party, the crowd parted like the Red Sea. Big Mike was a new face in town.

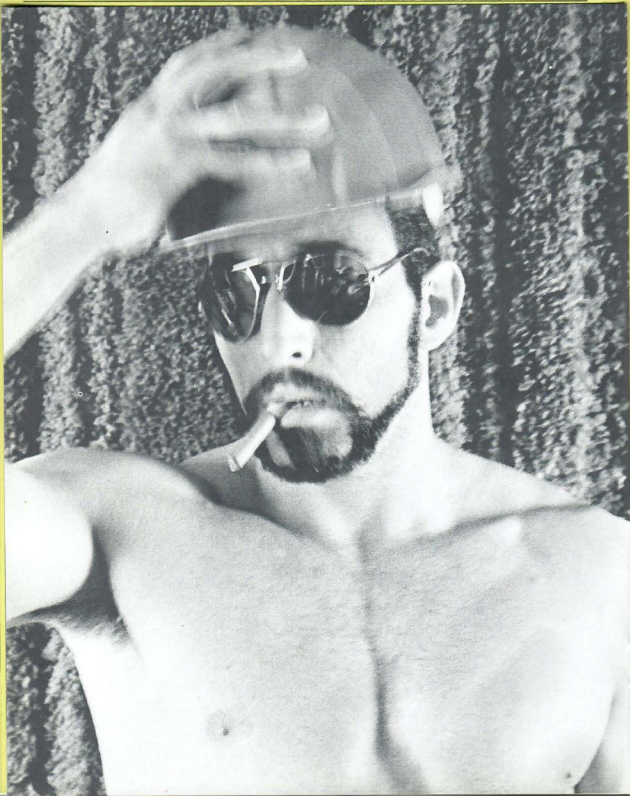
The DRUMMER Powers-That-Be signalled staff photographer David Sparrow to shoot, from the hip, and fast; but Pro Sparrow was already on his second roll of motor-driven 35mm shooting Big Mike. And Big Mike's eye was definitely on the Sparrow.

In several sessions together, photographer and model have shot hard and fast.

Big Mike is a DRUMMER DISCOVERY. Betcha you'll see him soon up on the silver screen, but right now he's all yours in this Christmas issue's presentation of his upfront debut.









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WASHINGTON slave, Sagittarius, 54, 5'6", 168 lbs., white, 8", hairy, dominant subservient to decent, good-looking Master who is sincere and has sense of humor. Prefer out, under 36, no beard, red heads, hairy bodies. Box 227S.

WASHINGTON, SM, Sagittarius, 33, 5'7", 130, White, 10". Knowledgeable. Very interested in a variety of sexual experiences and willing to try them with mature, uninhibited partner, 45 to 50 preferred. No fems, fats, long hair, body odor. Box 084D.

## FLORIDA

**TOUGH HUNK MEN**  
sought to get down and worship this goodlooking blond/blue-eyed Narcissist, 39, 5'10", 160, muscular, into heavy piss games, muscle licking, mirrors, fantasy, enemas. Want studs only or masculine slaves. Miami area. Box 47.

**MIAMI UNIFORM STUDS**  
SM, Taurus, 25, 6', 165 lbs., white, 6", masculine, muscular stud seeks boot and uniform buddies into police and military scenes. Butch studs only with boot, uniform fetish need apply. Real motorcycle cops and military men a plus. Discretion assured. Uniformed photo and phone. Box 201FLW.

**HANDSOME & DOMINANT**  
Muscular male, white, Libra, extremely safe and sane, turns on with light-medium S&M, B&D with the right submissive w/s. Box 25, Box 22671, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33335.

**SOUTH FLORIDA.** Always horny. Leo, mid-40s, dirty talk, dirty sex, piss, tits. (305) 247-5158.

**HIALEAH.** SM, Pisces, 32, 5'8", 165, white, 6". Knowledgeable. Exp. perished in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner must be dominant, 25-45, 180 lbs. 28 not in Miami or Ft. Lauderdale. No fems, fats, long hairs. Box 000.

**LAKE WORTH.** SM, Pisces, 36, 6'1", 175, White, 8". Old hand. Can endure much in either role. Partner who knows what he is doing. Into heavy S&M, regular sex. No fems, amateurs. Box 1251.

**MIAMI.** SM, Scorpio, 37, 5'9", White, Knowledgeable. Heavy oral orientation and exhibitionism desired. Box 047.

**COCOA BEACH.** S, Capricorn, 59, 5'6", 155, White, Knowledgeable. Open-minded, willing to please. Box 360.

**MIAMI NARCISSTIC BODY FREAK**  
wants heavy tongue service from stooped slaves or other Masters. Into trips, heavy w/s, kinks, M&M, FF, or fems. Bikers, policemen; truckers, travelers on 170 Hwy welcome. Box 375K.

**JACKSONVILLE.** M, 39, 6', 160 lbs., 75", white, seeks masculine dude, 25-50, for kinky scenes, j/s, piss, scat fantasies, dirty talk, enemas, tit work, in and out of levis, kinks. Photo and frank letter for reply. Box 405C.

## IDAHO

**BOISE.** SM, 44, 6', 150, uncult 7". Into spreadeagle, suspension, submission seeks tops or bottoms with lite or no body hair, slim, interested in S&M. No fets, scat, hairy. Box 052F8.

## ILLINOIS

**SLAVE OR MASTER?**  
Chicago, Virgo, 30, 5'10", 160 lbs., blue eyes, hairy chest, pipe/bike fucking, bondage, light S&M. Clean out seeks same for one week mad, passionate love affair. No fems, fets, drugs. Send photo and phone. Box 281B.

**CENTRAL ILLINOIS.** w/m, 29, 5'10", 155 lbs., bearded, Honda 750 owner seeks dominant biker or other firm, masculine types with love of leather, levis, boots. Light S&M w/s possible. No drugs, non-smoker preferred. Box 406A.

**ALTON.** S, Capricorn, 35, 6', 170 lbs., white, knowledgeable, versatile, muscular, hunky stud seeks partner to 35. Should be clean-cut, no fets. Box 159M.

**CHICAGO.** M, Aries, 29, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable. Enthusiastic and willing to try almost everything with levelheaded partner in good physical condition. No fems, fets. Box 186Z.

**EVANSTON.** S, Scorpio, 46, 5'11", 175 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable. Turned on by high, heavy boots and wants slave with same strong inclination for muscled, booted sessions. Respect limits, no fets, fems, hard drugs. Box 17R2S.

**CHICAGO MASTER**  
Out-of-starter comes to Chicago occasionally looking for slim slaves over 18 into bondage, discipline, shaying w/s, FF and S&M. Am 6'2", 8'4", uncult, respect limits, inexperienced, dominant, experienced. Replies should include phone number for get-together when I am in Chicago and available to work you over. Box 308B.

**McHENRY.** M, 25, 5'8", 155, 7". Seeks muscular, rugged, masculine partner who is obedient, obedient and reward worship. I know I was born to serve. Box 058.

## INDIANA

**INDIANAPOLIS.** S, Libra, 35, 6', 150, white, 7", old hand. Very demanding but considerate Master, heavy into S&M, bondage, humiliation with mature, dependable true slave to 45. No chinks, beginners or those unable to follow complete domination. Box 132F.

## KANSAS

**HAYS.** M, Aries, 33, 6'5", 200, white, 7", hairy body, hairy, bearded, boot and leather lover, knowledgeable, seeks big hairy master, 25-45, into leather, levis, w/s, B&D, jacks and boots, into heavy S&M, FF, or fems. Bikers, policemen; truckers, travelers on 170 Hwy welcome. Box 375K.

**TULSA-KANSAS CITY**  
Goodlooking, levi, white bottom-man moving to Tulsa in Fall. Seeks white topman, serious in who he is. Prefer uncult, trim, free-wheeling. Box 376T.

## KENTUCKY

**BEST MATCH WITH 81**  
SM, 46, 160 lbs, 5'10", 6" cut, seeks slender, young, bisexual partners with average endowment or more. Experienced at top or bottom. Box 960KY.

## LOUISIANA

**NEW ORLEANS.** S, Virgo, 30, 5'9", 150 lbs., white, needs Master who is patient and willing to teach novice. Envy, leather, tit action. Writes. Must be discreet. Send name and phone number, photo if possible. Box 866B.

**NEW ORLEANS.** w/m, 30, 5'9", 145, 6", novice, eager to learn from muscular, honest, clean hung, gender-typer partner. Box 701B.

**BATON ROUGE.** S, Leo, 29, 5'10", 170 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable. Good top man enjoys satisfying slave's real desires. Must be at least 8", masculine. Box 47V.

**HARVEY.** SM, Leo, 42, 6', 215 lbs., white, 7", novice. Firm but gentle, understanding of partner's likes/dislikes. Seeks similar into role-switching. No fems, drunks. Box 130Z.

**LAFAYETTE.** couple: Aries, 28, 140, 170 lbs., white, 7", and Cancer, 30, 5'5", 135 lbs., white, 9". Group scenes. Clean, discreet, masculine, jocks. What's your scene? 101LAR.

## MASSACHUSETTS

**BOSTON.** S, Aries, 42, 5'10", 150 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable. Seeks partner over 18 into strict discipline and prolonged bondage. Same size or smaller, smooth body. Must submit to smooth shaving and being owned. WASS, velcro, discretion assured, long-term relationship possible. Box 253.

**BOSTON.** M, white, 25, 5'11", 150 lbs., seeks S into bondage, toys, S&M, w/s, whips, face fucking. No scat, FF, shaying. Heavy into bondage. Box 102MAN.

**BOSTON.** 2 guys, 30s, S: 5'9", 150 lbs. into leather, rubber, w/s, etc. M: 6', 165 lbs. into rubber in-fantism, w/s, and serving beer/drinks. Both masculine, virile, slim and like threesomes with other S who enjoys giving w/s and receiving head. Box 101MAP.

## MICHIGAN

**TAYLOR.** MS, Capricorn, 24, 5'10", 165, white, 6". Novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally. Box 261.

**FARMINGTON.** S, Virgo, 33, 5'6", 135, white, 8". Knowledgeable. Firm Master demands obedient experimental slave. No balds, fets, dominants. Box 052D.

**SM - 26.** Scorpio, 77, 6'1", 220. Adaptable to many situations. Willing and able to please. Box 1011MM.

## MINNESOTA

**DOMINANT MAN.** 40, 5'11", 168 lbs., wants passive man for bondage. Age, race, looks, location doesn't matter. I love big tits and hairless bodies. Muscles and trim a must. No fets, heavy drugs or drunks. Box 169B.

## MISSOURI

**ST. LOUIS.** S, Leo, 31, 5'9", 210, 180, 6", knowledgeable. Demands strict obedience; will punish any infraction with pain. Partner must have stamina, youthful appearance, can be late 40s. Box 24S.

## ST. LOUIS/KANSAS CITY

**Dominant Master.** 6'2", 185 lbs., uncult 8", seeks receptive slaves who will treat you as a Master. Aggressive, experienced, imaginative, respectful of limits. Into S&M, B&D, w/s, scat, FF, etc. You should be over 18, reasonable, white, slender and masculine. You should include your phone number in your reply. Will call when in nearby and available. Box 308B.

**YOUNG NOVICE**  
23, 5'4", 130 lbs., 8" cut, looking for muscular, straight-looking, rugged man to be my Master, buddy, lover. Am clean-cut, honest, quiet, intelligent and submissive. No drugs or scat. Should be 30-45, good build, hung and into levis/leather. Turn on to big hands. Box 167D.

## NEW JERSEY

**NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.** W/M, 38, 6'2", 185, hairy, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive. Love Master; looking for straight and appearing seeks slave, 25-35, for permanent live-in relationship. Muscular body a plus. Willing to train novice to my way of life. Respect limits. No hard or ruff stuff. No drugs, fets, fems or phones. Box 291.

**HIGHSTOWN.** M, 32, 5'8", 160, 7" cut. Blonde hunk seeks being controlled. Prefer Master in total control. Seeks butt looking out dominant that can relate out of the bedroom as well. Box 201NJ.

**JERSEY CITY.** M, Libra, 34, 6', 163, White, 6". Novice. Have enjoyed leather, straight and spanking while spreadeagle. Ready for more. Need rugged Master who wants me in that position so he can use my body as he wishes. My friends use me too. I'll serve as third to Master and slave. Can get into Manhattan easily. Box 101NJ.

**RANDOLPH.** S, Scorpio, 36, 6'2", 180, White, 6". Knowledgeable. Seeks permanent slave, 25-35, 30s, to share life and private house. Into leather bondage. Willing to train and will respect limits. No fets, fems, hard drugs. Box 291.

## NEW YORK

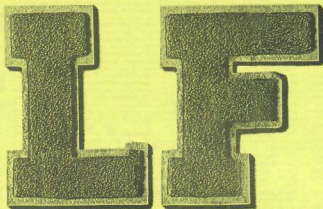
**NEW YORK.** M, Aquarius, 36, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7" cut, goodlooking. Seeks permanent, clean-cut, good-looking, dominant partners. Likes verbal abuse, humiliation and w/s from masculine, clean-cut top men, 25-50. No hard, heavy or brutality. Tight, hard build and boots a turn on. Box 220K.

**ITALIAN NOVICE**  
Passive beginner is looking for the right man to make me sexually into whatever he wants. Am 38, 5'9", 6" uncult. You should be over 35, into leather/levis, hung, and looking for the one person to settle down with. Box 695S.

**EX-MARTINE**  
Early 40s, making up for lost time. Interested in masculine guys for rough and ready relationship. Dig levis, boots, leather, sweaty kick straps and other stuff gear to ignite fantasies. Box 701F.

**WHITE MASTER**  
50, needs more scat-w/s slaves. Prefer older experts with deep throat, staying power. I am 5'8", wiry, and need good looking, intelligent letter to: Box 712 Downstairs, 166 W. 21st St., NYC, NY 10011.

# You won't find our Fraternity on any Campus...



This is not to say that there isn't a practitioner or two at good old State U, but the LEATHER FRATERNITY will hardly be on the list between Phi Delta and Sigma Chi.

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There are numerous advantages to membership in the LEATHER FRATERNITY. Elsewhere in this issue you'll notice listing of Fraternity members. As a member yourself, you'll have the privilege of contacting those members who appeal to you. You, too, will have such an ad listing . . . absolutely free. During the term of your membership you will receive DRUMMER at no charge . . . and that's worth thirty bucks right there! There are no other dues or assessments.

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MEMBERSHIP IS 12 MONTHS and/or 12 ISSUES.



## NEW YORK

**UNIFORM LEATHERMASTER**  
Trim, 40, requires guy who understands submission and service as virtues and is prepared and anxious to bare his ass and bend his back in my service out of strength and weakness, in a world that is soft and undisciplined. Box 451T.

**SUPER HEAVY S&M**  
Way out and wild S&M given to hot, young slave by brutal, well-equipped Master. Real m's send photo, age, experience to: Box 2-6, c/o Room 418, 152 West 42nd St., NYC, NY 10036.

**MASCULINE GERONTOPHILE**  
Libra, 6'3", 60, slender, will do anything for the masculine male who is turned on by my type. Box 290X.

**HOT SLAVE**  
Goodlooking, white, 34, 5'11", 160 lbs. needs total domination and discipline by rugged leather master who will make me worship, beg and grovel at his feet. I'd like kinky kinkies, B&D, W/S, tit play, etc. Send photo & phone number to: Al, Box 1116, FDR Station, New York, NY 10022.

**SILICONE**  
Want to hear from man into silicone injections for huge meat. Exchange ideas and photos. Can travel. Box 405F.

**SIT ON MY FACE**  
You big burly guys or short stockys, plant your hunky levi/leather asses in my ass-eating face and let my talented tongue/mouth do the rest. I'm attractive, butch, 49, 185 lbs, 6' and dig servicing rugged guys. The more rugged you are the further I'll go. Manly affection, too. Nipple action, you name it! Fucks, muscles, tattoos, facial/body hair even balls guys are turn ons. Call (212) 684-3582.

**VISUAL J/O**  
Is visual j/o with hot, handsome, muscular stud your trip? Reply with photo to: Box 43, Midtown Station, New York, NY 10018.

**MATURE SCATMAN**  
wants masculine, unwashed partners, 35-55. Average looks, build, uninhibited leatherman. Fully experienced in water sports, C&B work, etc., as worship, sloppy animal action. Freaky penpals welcome. Trade smelly jockstraps & photos. In Manhattan, Box 281A.

**WOODBURY, LONG ISLAND, SM**  
Taurus, 43, 5'9", 172, White, 6'5", Knowledgeable, trustworthy, responsible, intelligent, creative and fully aware of risks and dangers. Wishes to fulfill fantasies with masculine, discreet, clean, unselfish partner for 48. No fems, tats, freaks, fakes. Box 185R.

**NEW YORK, S. Taurus, 44, 6', 170, White, 7"**  
Novice. Seeks dark, hairy slave with large uncult cock. Must be knowledgeable, clean. Box 153P.

**ILION, MS. Gemini, 47, 5'8", 130, White, 5"**  
Completely inexperienced. At best when told what to do and forced by patient and understanding Master. Preferably black, Aryan type. Must be cut and clean, well-endowed. Box 141.

**FLUSHING, SM, Taurus, 43, 5'8", 180, White, 6"**  
Knowledgeable. Biker into Leather/Levi/masculine seeks intelligent, butch partner. Will switch roles for the fucking. No fems, blacks, Box 052H.

**M. 45, 6", dips dirt or any kind of group or single, day, weekend or longer, scatological scenes in dungeon, cage, car repair shop, pig pen, horse or cow stable, or what have you. FF, w/s, S&M, ball action, secure but loose restraints for B&D, and balls. Black or white, any age over 21. Like to have pictures taken. Picture furnished. Box 405B.**

**BUFFALO, W/M, 25, 5'9", 185, 7" uncult, into leather, inexperienced in S&M but interested in pain and giving it. Looking for levi wearer/leather lover 21-35, into S&M and discretion. Box 404BNV.**

**MANHATTAN, Mature Black**  
Scorpio seeks mature, white, French active, not-fat slave - my portable glory hole, my personal toilet, my private cunt. Box 451R.

**NASSAU COUNTY, SM, Taurus, 45, 5'9", 172, 6" uncult, in White. Knowledgeable. Imaginative. In her role. Seeks serious, macho leather/levi partner to 48 with reasonable endurance, no sadism, no sadomasochism, dog discipline. No extremes. Limits respected, expanded. No fems, tats, fakes, Box 185R.**

**BROOKLYN, M. Aquarius, 33, 6', 170, White, Cherokee Indian, 7 1/4" uncult, Knowledgeable. Smooth, body-build, talented, tight ass, slave needs dominating Master to 40 or 6", hairy, hung, into B&D. No role-switching, scat, shaving. Box 122.**

**ATTENTION RUBBERMEN**  
Fishermen, sewermen, etc. Hip-booted, gaskmasked w/m, 25, 5'7" seeks you for heavy j/o, piss and friendship. Must be a truly hairy heavy black rubber hipboots, waders, rangers, even innerboots. Let's hose each other with water or piss in the rain, or slog through the mud. Call (212) 662-0447.

**WANTED: Young guys over 18**  
I'm goodlooking, Italian, married, 29, 6', 170, hung, daytime, your place only. Box 154, Westchester Sta., Bronx, NY 10461.

**CIGAR SMOKING STUDIO**  
bearded, tattoo, 36, 170, 8", into uniforms, leather boots, w/s, S&M, FF, all far out scenes. Playroom. Want to meet same type. Send photo. Can travel. Box 451C.

**NIPPLE AND PEC FREAKS**  
W/m, 6'3", 37, 5'1" chest, fab pacs, cone shaped tits that never get enough, wants to meet/hear from heavy chested, big titted guys into your tit workout sessions. Nipple fantasy. Chest pic gets mine. Heavy titted torso friend available for three-comes. Box 451S.

**NEW YORK, 46, M. 5'8", blond, dig macho male any age, levi, leather, into leather, w/s, Fr., tattoos. Downstairs, 166 West 21 St., New York, NY 10011.**

**NEW YORK, novice slave seeks**  
Master with mustache who likes to smoke cigars. I'm 25, 6'5", 150 lbs, white. Box 406B.

**FRESH MEADOWS, 34, 175, Taurus, White, 8"**  
Uncult. Seek mature, adult macho male with head together. Levi, leather, construction. I can take orders. Blonde, blue-eyed, german seeks any thing but drag. Box 052H.

**GYM JOCK**  
Gym sock jock wants to rent Levi to buddy. Box 414, 166 W. 21 St., NYC, NY 10011.

Replying to a coded ad?  
See form on page 59

**NEW YORK, M. Aquarius, 38, 5'8", 145, white, 7"**  
masculine and obedient but needing training and discipline from rugged master over 40 who believes in keeping his slave naked and aroused and ready to service him and his buddies. Box 070T.

## NORTH CAROLINA

**RALEIGH, MS. Taurus, 37, 6'1", 170, white, 6"**  
Knowledgeable. Butch submissive dips hung, handsome, arrogant S to 40, any race, to verbally abuse, humiliate, use for cock, piss, ass service. Versatile, mature. No heavy pain, tats, fems. Box 101NC.

## OHIO

**COLUMBUS, SM, Taurus, 25, 5'9", 183, White, 6 1/2"**  
Novice, satisfaction guaranteed to sincere, straight appearing butch types. No fems, tats, snobs, chicken. Box 365.

**SM, 25, 5'9", 150 lbs, 7" uncult, is experienced in both roles, have worked out with real pro men come 1800. Isonate and mature during scenes and expect the same. Not interested in uncult, butch very hairy, over 30, fat or fems. Mental stability important. Box 300.**

**CLEVELAND, MS. Aries, 46, 5'10", 155, White, 6 1/2"**  
Novice. French active, Grease passive. Wants to please large, well-built partner to 50. No hairy, heavy S&M. B.O. Box 017V.

**AKRON, MS. Gemini, 43, 6'1", 185, white, 6 1/2"**  
Knowledgeable. Into heavy B&D, light S&M. Would switch roles with right partner. No extreme pain, heavy drinkers or drug users. hippies. Box 187L.

## OKLAHOMA

**TRAVELING MASTER, 32, 6'2", 201, 195, 8"**  
Gets to Baton Rouge, Shreveport, Dallas, Houston, Austin, Albuquerque, Little Rock and Oklahoma City. Seeks willing slave with magic mouth and hot ass. Into sweaty jocks. Box 20772, Oklahoma City, OK 73156.

**OK CITY S. 6'2", 32, 195, 8" uncult**  
I give orders and expect obedience or punishment. prevails. Looking for 25 or 25, under 6'2" with average endurance; perhaps in jock strap and chaps. Box 1010K.

## OREGON

**PORLAND, 31, 5'5", 165 lbs, dark and hairy, 7"**  
wants to meet hunky truckers, troopers, cowboys, construction workers, body builders into leather, levi, w/s, Fr., tattoos, beards & hair a turn-on. Send photo, address answer with same. No overly fat, fakes, fakes, drugs or blacks. Box 667B.

## PENNSYLVANIA

**PHILADELPHIA, M. Cancer, 40, 6'2", 210, White, 7"**  
Intermediate but learning fast. Masculine weight-lifter with 48" chest, 34" waist wants to expand experiences with experienced, clean, masculine S to Box 023.

**PHILADELPHIA, S. Aquarius, 46, 5'9", 185, White, 7"**  
Knowledgeable, masculine S seeks M under 35 into S&M, B&D, W/S, oil, leather, levi, etc. Send photo and phone number with respectful letter. Box 209.

**WILKES BARRE, S. Cancer, 41, 6', 170, white, 12"**  
Old hand, military disciplinarian with rural stockade, 20 years military exp., seeks prisoners from beginners to experienced for penal discipline. Scene is of primary importance. Steel bondage, cells, cages, heavy physical exercise used. Will begin beginners. No fems, tats. Box 055.

## BOXING INSTRUCTIONS

**I'm 27, 6'3", 185 lbs, looking for a guy who is good with his fists and could teach a beginner the fundamentals of boxing on the street. Will train him if you are under 14, 14 oz. gloves, occasional bare-knuckle, L/J, wrestling, weight training, etc. If you are under 10, level-headed, but get into playing rough once in a while, I think we should talk. No pannies or pretender. VA 300, PA. Box 1001, York, PA 17405.**

**PHILADELPHIA, M. Libra, 49, 5'10 1/2", 140, White, 8"**  
Completely inexperienced. Willing and eager to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50, Box 052F.

**PHILADELPHIA, S. Virgo/Scorpio, 42, 5'7", 160, White, 7"**  
Knowledgeable. Italian, muscular and hairy, experienced to understand limits in all areas. Master seeks knowledgeable slave into leather, leather, chains and boots. Will train up to 35 in S&M, B&D, W/S, chains, bike and western leather toys. Send letter of submission with photo and phone. No bullshit. Box 052.

## TEXAS

**PERMANENT SLAVE AVAILABLE**  
M, 24, 5'10", 160 lbs., needs brutal and hard to force permanent slave. Torture, brainwashing, piercing, shaving, permanent bondage, w/s, scat all possible. I need to be shown my proper place in life, to have my worshiping your boots. Photo and letter will get prompt reply. Box 451V.

## SEX SLAVE

**Needs hairy master to initiate me**  
into B&D and spanking sessions. Am 44, 6', 170 lbs, 8 1/2" uncult, big tits for heavy action, hairy ass to warm up. Also desire tattoo, artistry and accupuncture on my body. Help this old fart ass get fully experienced. Call this jock-off daddy at midnights (713) 522-3006. Write: 41013 Montrose, Houston, TX 77006.

## WASHINGTON

**TACOMA, SM, completely inexperienced, 7", uncult, 5'10", 240 lbs, Box 181X.**

**TACOMA, SM. Capricorn, 37, 6'2 1/2", 150, White, 7"**  
Novice wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns Harley and prefers bike owner. No fems, tats. Box 185G2.

## WISCONSIN

**WATERTOWN, S. Libra, 27, 6', 175, White, 7"**  
Novice. Will satisfy needs of mutually honest, under 30, 180 lbs, 5'8", 150, B&D, humiliation, public exhibition. No heavy drugs, selfish types. Box 130W.

**MANITOWOC, SM. Aquarius, 28, 5'7", 150, White, 7"**  
Novice. Mean, bearded stud seeks available contacts to 24 with nice ass, at least 6". Nobody too involved in gay scene. Box 062K.



MILWAUKEE, MA. Capricorn, 42, 6'4 1/2", 210 White, 61". Knowledgeable. Fifteen years as a slave has taught him to enjoy the rides with intelligent partner 25-60. No fats. Box 294V85.

## VIRGINIA

RICHMOND, S. Leo, 45, 6'1", 175, white, 8" cut, black hair/blue eyes. Harley rider, ex-cy cle cop into high boots, breeches, cycle cop uniforms, studs into big bikes and studs who ride them, cigars, 1/4 trucks, horses, w/s 1/4, light S&M, boot lover. Business necessitates travel entire U.S. Replies with photo and phone get mine. Box 8501, Richmond, VA 23220.

SM (S preferred) 29, 5'8", 142 lbs, muscular, 8" cut, seeks short-haired, clean-cut, muscular M who is masculine and knows how to follow orders. Am demanding, forceful - but know when to pull back, respect limits. While I am attracted to other cops, it takes quite a man to get me to bottom, and then not for very long. Box 294V50.

## MAIL ORDER

JOCKS FOR SALE. Hot, hairy, leather stud has some choice, ripe jockstraps for your collection. They are well broken-in, and have been with many heavy scenes. All are in good condition, perfect for mouth usage. Sent in heavy padded envelope. \$5 each. P.P., P.O. Box 11007, S.F., CA 94101.

### DISCIPLINE TAPES

Hear naked young guys get severely beaten with the paddle, the fawn, the strap, even the whip. Free brochure airmailed in plain envelope. Geotactics, Box 3382-S, Station B, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2M 4M1.

### W/S NEWSLETTER

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DRUMMER 62

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##### SEX SLAVE

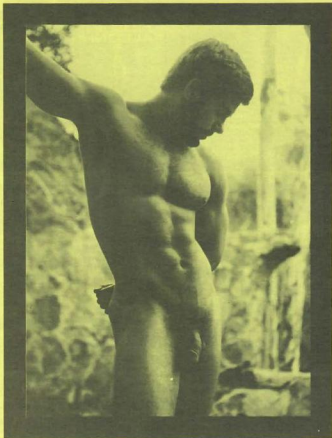
Needs hairy master to initiate me into B&D and expand masochism. Am 44, 6', 170 lbs., 8 1/2" uncut, big tits for heavy action, hairy ass to warm up. Also desire tattoo artistry and acupuncture on my body. Help this old fart as get fully experienced. Call this jack-off daddy at midnight (713) 522-3006. Write: 4101 1/2 Montrose, Houston, TX 77008.

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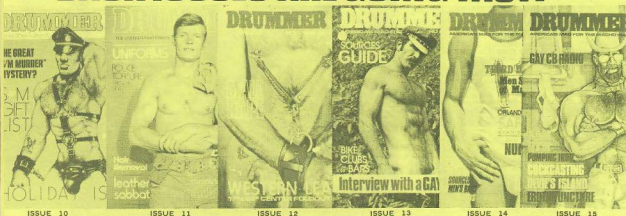
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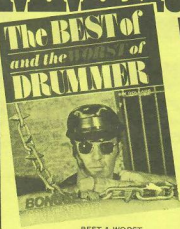
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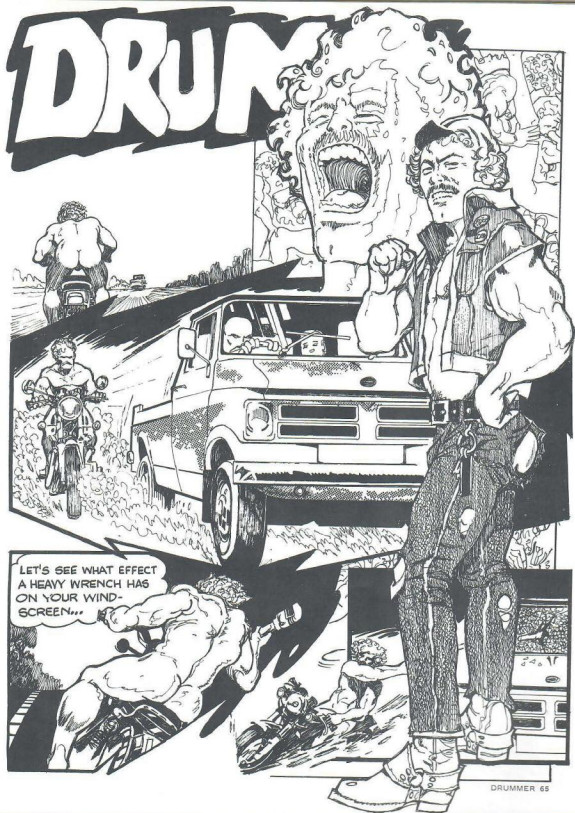
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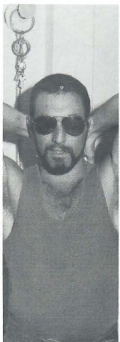




# Have you seen Mr. DRUMMER?



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DAVID SPARROW PHOTO



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DAVID SPARROW PHOTO

## We're looking for him.

There have been some great guys on the pages of DRUMMER in the last couple of dozen issues. Many were our own discoveries, photographed by Roy Dean, Joe Tiffenbach, Dave Sands, Hy Chase, David Sparrow, Robert Mapplethorpe and Jim Morris, to name a few. Some were from the top studios like Target, Man's Image, Brentwood, Falcon, A.M.G. and The Mean Machine. Now comes the time that we want our very own Mr. DRUMMER to grace a cover or two as well as a centerfold during the coming year.

So here is what we have decided to do: Among DRUMMER's thousand of readers there are many, many qualified guys. We have met quite a few of them, and we are certain that our readers would like

to meet them too. Send in a photograph of yourself, at least sans shirt, to us as soon as possible. Give us your name, mailing address and phone number, so we can reach you. You don't have to be a subscriber, Leather Fraternity member, advertiser or anything else. Just be interested in being Mr. DRUMMER for 1979, and be 21 years of age, or better.

We'll be gathering up the prizes to make it worth your while. We want to attract the most authentic hunks in the country. So far as we know, the final presentation will be at the ALTERNATE party in San Francisco on December 29. Judges will be among the top photographers in the country.

Now get with it.

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Enclose the statistics at the right with your photograph RIGHT NOW! We'll be in touch with you soon with further information. If you are entering someone other than yourself, be sure to get his signature.

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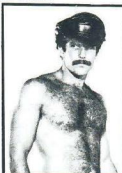
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# DRUMMER views the Flicks



## THE NORSEMAN

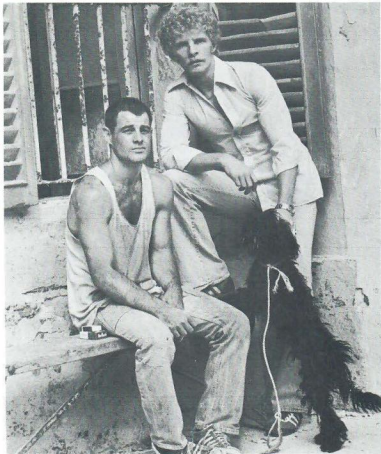
Believe it or not, Farrah's gone and done it in a Fawcett-Majors production, *The Norseman*. Farrah is never seen on screen. Instead, she serves up bionic husband Lee Majors as the greatest tax-write-off since *The Producers* almost didn't make it.

*The Norseman* is the movie that has everything: a John-Boy Norse-boy narrator; dialog such as, "Begone!"; a Wizard out of Lerner-Lowe's *Camelot*; and Amer-Indians meeting the first blond gods to hit Martha's Vineyard 500 years before Columbus.

American-International distributes this motorcycle pic in Viking drag. Wonderful: a dozen blond bodybuilders in black leather and tin vests. They look more like heavyweight Hell's Angels rowing their boat muscularly down the stream. Inexplicably, Lee Majors and the entire cast speak with Southern accents.

The Indians are handsomely dark and well-built. Just so you can savor the flex of muscle, bone, and blood, the battles are in perfect Peckinpah slow-motion. The plot is in even slower motion. The battles are staged somewhere between football scrimmages and soccer formations. Lots of legs and ass. You can fill in the blank plot with a good hit of popper.

An Affirmative Action movie, *The Norseman* features the first Black Viking — without any explanation. Another Vike is blond bodybuilder and former Tarzan Denny Miller who flexes his biceps as subtly as he can. Cornell Wilde and Jose Ferrer, both of whom are still alive, make general fools of themselves as well as their past careers. If good old Gig Young had to face shit like this, it's no wonder he



went into the bathroom and played out for real his greatest role in *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*

Movie mayhem fans will get off on one so-so torture scene where the Indians blind several hunky, bound Norsemen with hot sticks. (Is this Farrah's fantasy? Eyeballs, from *Oedipus* to Freud, have always been polite society's symbols for gonads.)

The real reason to see this Viking Berserker movie lies only in eating popcorn, drinking Coke, sniffing popper, and watching sunlight glisten through the blond hair on thick forearms. If you're into football-biker types, catch *The Norseman* at your local jerkoff drive-in.

Except for the heavy blond beefcake, this *Man-Called-Norse* plot is the shit. The extras, all chests and biceps, are the real meat of the story.

— Jack Fritscher

## PREVIEW

The real Billy Hayes (right), meets actor Brad Davis, who portrays Hayes in the motion picture, "Midnight Express," which dramatizes the years he spent in a Turkish prison and his eventual escape. DRUMMER's review will be in next month's issue.

# DRUMMER Reads The Books

**DOES ANYBODY GIVE A DAMN?**  
by Nat Hentoff. A Borzoi Book published  
by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 201 E. 50th  
St., New York, NY 10022. Hardbound,  
239 pages, \$8.95.

PADDLING THE ASSES OF HELPLESS SCHOOLBOYS, well into the nineteen seventies, is documented with graphic case histories by sociologist Nat Hentoff in his critical look at our public education system, "Who Gives a Damn?" Inexpertly promoted by publisher Knopf, it is a book well worth serious consideration on several levels.

The meatiest passages are to be found in the first section, ironically entitled "Does Eric Severid's Kid Get Hit in School?" It is here Hentoff substantiates his assertion, which came as something of a surprise to at least one reader, that "in most schools throughout the country . . . corporal punishment is a venerable learning device," whether applied with "a wooden drawer divider (about two inches wide, thirteen inches long, and three-eighths of an inch thick)," a "paddle with holes in it," or an ordinary "two-by-four."

As representative samplings, Hentoff offers "court cases (which) provide . . . harsh illumination on the theory and practice of corporal punishment in the public schools. In *Ingraham v. Wright*, tried before a United States district court in Miami in the fall of 1972, James Ingraham testified that from elementary school on, he had often been paddled by teachers and administrators "to help me learn."

"In October 1970, while a student at Charles R. Drew Junior High School, Ingraham, forced onto a table by two assistant principals, who held his legs and arms, was hit more than twenty times with a paddle by the school's principal. When the boy came home, his mother took him to Jackson Memorial Hospital, where a doctor gave him pills to relieve his pain, advised his mother to apply cold compresses to the boy's blistered buttocks, and told him to stay in bed for a week, face down. His offense had been insufficient alacrity in getting off the stage of the school's auditorium."

## BRASS KNUCKLES ALSO USED

"During the trial, three witnesses testified that an assistant principal wore brass knuckles; and one of those witnesses, the mother of a student at the school, said she had seen that school official use his brass knuckles while administering discipline. Another witness, a fourteen-year-old boy, testified that a school administrator, in the course of punishing him for not taking a seat in

the auditorium quickly enough — the student was trying to wipe grease off the chair — struck him with a paddle across his head.

"I was begging for mercy," the boy said, "but he wouldn't listen. Then he took off his belt and hit me with the buckle." The witness then showed the federal district judge an inch-long scar alongside his left eye, the result, he said, of doctors at Jackson Memorial Hospital having had to open and drain a swelling on his head caused by the beating. When the youngster returned to school, his mother told school personnel that he suffered from asthma. Nonetheless, the boy was again beaten with a paddle, had an asthma attack, spat up blood, and was taken to a local health center.

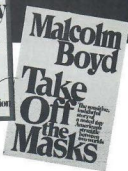
"In reporting on the trial, Ellis Berger, an education writer for the *Miami News*, noted: 'Student witnesses . . . have testified about being paddled for being late, for skipping school, for chewing gum, for leaning back in their seat, for having their shirtsails out, for talking, for standing up in class, for fighting, for being noisy in the shower, for not having the proper T-shirt or shorts or gym shoes in physical education class . . .'

The practice is countrywide, as Hentoff reports: "In the late 1960s, while teaching in an elementary school on Pittsburgh's North Side, Mrs. Schumacher (a mother of two schoolchildren) was asked by a colleague to be a witness while the colleague punished a boy in her class. 'To my amazement,' Carolyn Schumacher recalls, 'the boy, just an ordinary, unassuming ten-year-old, braced himself against a desk while the teacher swung at him five times with a stick the length of a baseball bat, striking him across the buttocks, or thereabout, with all her might.'

"Upon further exploration, Mrs. Schumacher discovered that in many schools in Pittsburgh, 'children were being slapped, pushed, and poked by teachers, and constantly threatened with a paddle that in some schools was either carried by the principal as he patrolled the halls or kept on public display in the office. Some teachers kept a paddle handy at their desks and carried it during bathroom recess as they trooped the children in silence to be watered.'"

## HIGH SCHOOL SWIMMING CHAMP GETS HIS

A Dallas father indicts "the public school's policy of physical punishment"



in yet another example: "Our second son Douglas (age 16, an excellent IQ, physically perfect and a champion swimmer) has the problem of being outspoken . . . The school, trying to train him with regular paddling, caused him to become a behavior problem, and his grades to drop (from B's to D's and F's) in all classes. He is now having regular psychiatric sessions. . . ."

The remainder of Hentoff's one-sided study is devoted to showing "there surely are alternatives, even with the most volcanic children in the 'toughest' schools." It would be interesting to hear what some of the teachers and administrators have to say.

— Ed Franklin

**TAKE OFF THE MASKS**, by Malcolm Boyd. Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. Hardbound, 178 pages, \$7.95.

In the pathetic quest for a spokesman/leader/symbol of national prominence, our so-called "gay community" has proven most fickle, turning the spotlight of adulation from one dejected celebrity to another. As the list grows — Marle Miller, Harvey Milk, Tennessee Williams, Elaine Noble, Dave Kopay — gay influence perversely declines: we're worse off today than we were ten years ago, at least in terms of public acceptance of our rights.

Comes now Father Malcolm ("Are You Running with Me, Jesus?") Boyd, being touted as "the highest ranking religious figure to publicly announce his homosexuality," and self-styled gay "opinion leaders" are lauding his out-of-the-closet revelations in "Take Off The Masks" with characteristically unreasoned jubilation ("What Joy!" crows *The Advocate*, fervently saluting the singer instead of the song).

For, Boyd's book is a rather tepid re-counting of his lifelong struggle — it took him "more than fifty years" — to come to terms with his male sexual orientation. This revelation comes, coincidentally enough, after some five years out of the limelight he so avidly sought during the sixties as a civil rights agitator, best-selling author, "nightclub priest," and social



critic.

## CAUTION: MARTYR COMPLEX HIDDEN WITHIN

In his new work, Boyd confides that his "wholeness" depends on "several related factors," justifying his "clear decision to survive by placing a life of high energy over a slow death . . . This meant that I risked everything to do it . . . I asserted myself and my rights to live, I adamantly did this in the face of censure, misunderstanding, social embarrassment, and danger. I will to die and be born again."

It is as a "born-again" person that he now advocates "openness and wholeness" in gay lifestyles, yet himself makes only the most fleeting of allusions to "visiting a gay leather bar" or making a contact "in one of the San Francisco baths." This, while claiming "I have learned that a mask is a lie" and concluding "most of us have painstakingly constructed our own masks, the ones that we wear and change ritualistically as we move from one situation to another, this relationship to that. To take off the masks is to stop the ritual for its own sake, and let life replace it."

He revels in the fact that "I was familiar with masks, including my own, all too well. The public knew me in three principal roles. First, as a religious figure seen frequently on such TV shows as 'Today' and quoted in newspaper; second, as a social activist in civil rights and the peace movement as well as an oft-quoted social critic; third, as the author of numerous books . . ."

Boyd's beginnings were stereotypical: a quiet, introverted and studious boy of divorced parents, slowly beginning to sense his homosexuality in experiences with schoolmates and fraternity brothers in college. He tells delicately of his years in Hollywood, where, in 1949, he formed a production company with Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, and, a year later, was named the first president of the Television Producers Association.

## A NEW INTERPRETATION OF BORN-AGAIN CHRISTIANITY

Traditional "born-againers" are not likely to be caught quoting from this book. Anita would never agree (even if she were capable of reading) with Boyd's contention that "It is tragic when religious McCarthyism exerts a self-righteous and arrogant tyranny of politicized fundamentalism over the human rights of a scapegoat minority . . ."

"Often what is as natural as breathing to a member of the majority — a public sign of affection, a symbol of relationship — is labeled 'flaunting' when practiced by people who belong to a minority. The withdrawal of full public legitimacy from a human being on the basis of minority status constitutes tyranny. The will of the majority, when it denies legitimacy and human rights to the minority, is tyranny. What a tragedy it is when Holy Scripture is exploited callously and blasphemously to support tyranny and deny human worth in the sight of God . . ."

"Most of the antigay letters I received

quoted over and over the same few scriptural passages (Leviticus, Sodom and Gomorrah, Paulist texts) that traditionally have been used to condemn homosexuality but recently have been interpreted quite differently by a number of biblical scholars. I realized as I read these letters that God whom I know, love, and worship is *living*, not locked up inside a book written thousands of years ago. God is changing and evolving all the time in the midst of creation, transcends mere bibliolatry, and loves."

"I am instructed by the words of Father Gerard S. Sloyan, biblical scholar and New Testament editor of the New American Bible. He wrote, 'The Christian churches must resist with all their strength the literalist spirit that is destructive of the Bible . . . Otherwise, this instrument of God's revelation will serve as a club to destroy imagined enemies rather than a fire to purge and a balm to heal. The Scriptures are meant to allay madness, not to induce it.' . . . Surely full knowledge of God cannot be consigned simplistically to particular interpretations of the Bible, the doctrines of an existing church, or the insights of a new movement."

Though hardly the "milestone in gay literature" its publishers proclaim, "Take Off the Masks" is a pleasant little effort which is actually done a disservice by those who, out of their own need, would elevate it — and its restless writer — to a level inconsistent with its essentially modest accomplishment.

— Ed Franklin

A SPECIAL GIFT  
FOR THOSE  
SPECIAL FRIENDS

# RAW MEAT

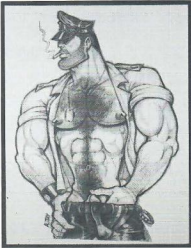
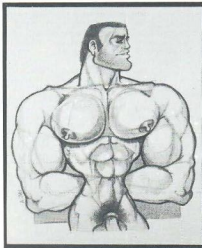
A. Jay, Drummer's own cartoonist/illustrator, creator of "Harry Chess" offers his first limited edition portfolio, "Raw Meat" to all collectors, connoisseurs and erotic fantasizers. The set has six red-hot drawings graphically detailed on 8 1/2 x 11 quality stock. Solo trips of six big guys displaying their big pecs, big nipples and big equipment!

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# Tough Shit!



## MCDONALD'S DENIES RUMOR

**OAK BROOK, IL** — A rumor has been sweeping the Midwest that the McDonald's hamburger chain is turning its profits over to a devil-worshipping cult, the Church of Satan in San Francisco, a company spokeswoman said yesterday.

"At first we didn't want to dignify the rumor," said Stephanie Skurdy of McDonald's, "but now it's just red-hot."

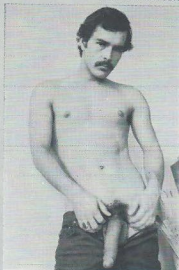
"It's one of those ugly rumors that just persist, regardless. Some people heard it from a friend of theirs, or a parishioner or a church bulletin."

Skurdy said there may have been some attempts to boycott McDonald's because of the rumor but overall the chain has suffered no impact on sales.

She said a Midwest minister who printed the allegation in his church bulletin "did a lot of research at our request and he later printed a complete, full retraction."

A Church of Satan was founded in San Francisco in 1967 by Anton Szandor La Vey, who was known as the dark prince of the Richmond district. A spokesman said the church had never received any funds from McDonald's.

PHOTO BY FALCON



**DRUMMER'S 500 WATT  
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## ATTEMPT AT EXORCISM — ON A CROSS

**ROSARIO DO SUL, BRAZIL** — Sixteen-year-old Maciel Barbosa, who had himself strapped to a wooden cross for three days to exorcise demons, ended his ordeal yesterday but gave no indication whether the effort had been successful.

The Roman Catholic boy Friday night hauled a 44-pound cross up the 450-foot Picucho hill near the town of Rosario do Sul.

According to the boy's parents Maciel had suffered from nightmares and evil visions for the past six months. After medical tests proved negative, he concluded that "demons and evil forces possessed his soul" and only three days on the cross could save him.

Barbosa came down from the cross at 6 p.m. and was taken to a hospital in the small city of Alegrete, 45 miles from the site.

The Rio de Janeiro newspaper O Dia said a crowd began gathering at the crucifixion site even before the boy was strapped to the cross.

By the time Barbosa came down from the cross, the crowd had grown to an estimated 5000 people, including hundreds of crippled, blind and otherwise injured persons hoping to be present at a miracle.

UNITED PRESS

## WHEN YOUR LOVER IS TOO MUCH INTO REAL ESTATE ...

**DALLAS** — You can have your Boardwalk and Park Place and eat them, too. This Christmas, when the family Monopoly game seems to be going on too long, it can be ended quickly — by eating almost everything, from board to dice.

An edible candy replica of the famous Parker Brothers game, which includes a board and other pieces made of dark and milk chocolate, butter cream and butter-scotch, is the opening item in the Neiman-Marcus Christmas Book 1978. The specialty sotre, which each year features several unusual — and expensive — gifts, mailed 1,150,000 copies of the 100-page catalog last month.

At \$600 the chocolate Monopoly "could be the greatest finale to a dinner party ever conceived," according to the catalog. All of it can be eaten except for "a noneedle, deluxe edition of the standard Monopoly rules" included "as a permanent keepsake."



Pittsburgh Steelers quarterback Terry Bradshaw has joined the Hollywood crowd, appearing in "Hooper," a movie in which Burt Reynolds stars as the world's greatest stuntman.

Warner Brothers described Bradshaw's role as "a rough-tough, butt-kicking S.W.A.T. officer who leads his off-duty crew in a head-cracking brawl against a bunch of stuntmen."

## SPIT: GREAT EXPECTORATIONS

Extremely sodden thought: Tennis players don't spit on the court. Neither, so far as I have seen, do basketball players. Footballers, golfers, bowlers all seem to do their expectorating on the sidelines, leaving baseball as THE great spitting game. Why-dad, Doc? As fascinated as I by this phenomenon, Dave Davis of Piedmont kept close watch during Game Two of the World Series, and found the Dodgers outspitting the Yankees — at least on camera — 26 to 23. Making this victory possible was Tommy Lasorda, dumpy lasagna-eyed leader of the Smodgers. He was caught spitting 19 times, possibly a record. The rest of the time, he simply had a finger in his mouth. He's a darlin', isn't he?

Herb Caen, S.F. Chronicle

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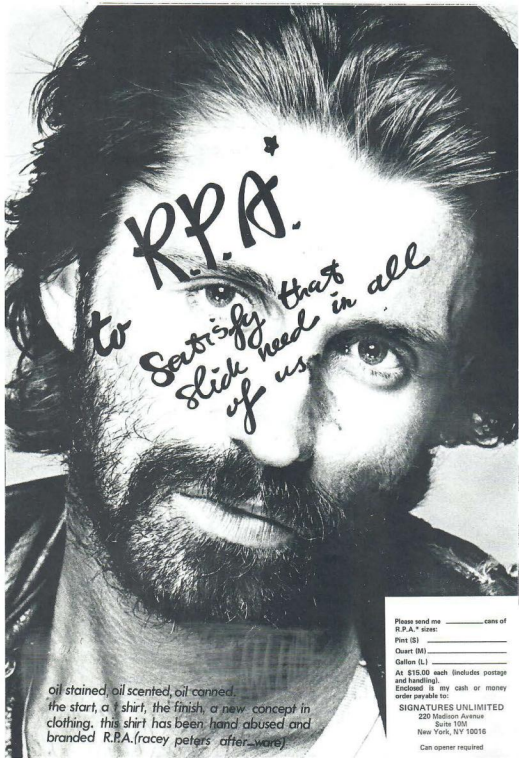
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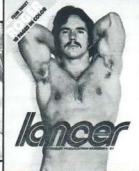
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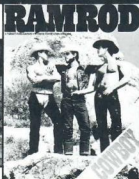
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## MORE LETTERS

Continued from page 7

### SHAVED SLAVE

Issue No. 22 was another good one. The only thing about "Drummer" that bothers me or makes me feel that it is a phoney like the others is the picturing of so called slaves. A slave may be a male but never a man. Any Master who allows his slave to have hair on his body is no better than the slave. Can't you remember the first few hairs that appeared around your cock and how much like a man you felt you were. And that first hair on your chest! What a mockery to discover a pierced right tit concealed by a heavy growth of hair.

Not ten feet in front of me right now my slave is hanging awaiting my attention. I have owned him for almost four years and the first thing I made him do to show that he was mine to control was to have him shave a beautiful growth of hair from his crotch. I could have done it to show him I was his Master but I had him do it to show me that he was my slave. Yes, he hesitated and for this the hair around his cock and ass have since been permanently removed.

The second day I shaved his head and chest. That day I knew he was completely broken. Now while I eat my breakfast it is his duty to shave his entire body — he really makes that electric razor cover territory with no wasted time.

Completely denuded of any hair he is always aware of what he is and everybody who sees him knows what he is.

Fellows, if you want a slave who will immediately know that he is your slave, shave the bastard. Then do what I am about to do, beat the living shit out of him until you are ready to use him sexually. In a little while I am going to be fucking a fire engine red ass that will be on fire both outside and inside when I'm through.

Put them where they belong and do whatever you want to do with them, limited only by your interests.

E.W.

### REAL

Thought issue 21 was pretty good, and issues 22 and 23 weren't so bad, either. But don't let it go to your heads, collectively or otherwise. Now, about the reason for this letter: every prison freak ought to know about a photographic essay called *Killing Time*. I think the prison in this case is the Arkansas State Pen. The let down is that the photographer did not or was not allowed to photograph the strip search beyond showing the kid being searched at the time in his shorts. There's one shot of a guy in the shower, but it's fuzzy. The thing I wonder is with all your contacts in the gay community, can't you find guys with photographs of the real thing who'd be willing to let you print their collections or the best of them? Studio work is okay, but I think the real thing, even if the quality isn't too great, is better. That goes for all of the subjects you talk about. Somebody out there must have a collection of real people (i.e., not models) in real situations:

prison, boot training, discipline, initiations, and so on. Photographs DO get taken. Where are they and why haven't you printed any? Does it cost that much? I've seen some raunchier photographs of prison life in supposedly serious books devoted to discussing prison life/prison reform than anything *Drummer* has ever printed. Old college newspapers are more likely to show hazing and initiation scenes than *Drummer*. And some of the best photographs of B&D crop up in supposedly straight male-oriented rags. Why not in *Drummer* — which a lot of us think of as OUR magazine. Let me make it clear again what I'm saying: models are fine, and you've done well and tried to please as many people as you can. But sooner or later you'll find yourselves repeating yourselves. Judging from the letters to the editor I've seen printed in the last two or three issues, I see I'm not the only one who wonders about this. Would you mind discussing it in *Drummer*, perhaps pointing out your limits — if any — and what we can expect to see in the near future? I'd say your biggest problem right now is that you've been successful, and people expect you to give them what they want and stay successful. One more book notice: there's another photographic essay out now called *Violence*; other readers might want to check it out. One more question: how about printing some choice stills (and I think they all would be "choice") from the movie *Midnight Express*. One more observation: you've got a following, and quite a few men in that readership are both intelligent and sophisticated. But all of them are gungy and funky at heart, if not down right, outright, shit slingers. Give them (us) what they (we) want.

ZIP  
Philadelphia, PA

For an extraordinary and very real prison-photo book, check out Danny Lyons' *CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DEAD*. Also, next issue, we have *Prison Boxing from Louisiana*. — Ed.

### SUPERIOR

Will you please check the status of my subscription to "Drummer"? In the past I was not notified of my pending subscription expiration until it had expired. Your publication is so far superior to anything else in its class that I don't want to miss an issue.

Harlan  
Dubuque, IA

### A HOT DISCOVERY

This new job that I've been on for the last three or four months takes me on the road a lot.

Last Feb., March & April I was on the road for the first time & getting any kind of sex was impossible.

I work with Service Leagues that raise money for a cause and my outward behavior must be impeccable.

Inside I'm a wild pig, so until I got close enough to a city of the size of Atlanta for example, I keep quiet, and then I let go. The point of this letter is to tell you that on this trip I took along *Drummer* issue No. 17. I found this issue in a friend's house plus there were other

back issues. I read them from cover to cover many times. What a great "trip" you've got. I liked your "getting off" editorial stating that you catered to the adult male. It was very enlightening. I just bought issue No. 23 in this small town!

I started to read *The Catacombs* article, but got so hot I had to put the mag away because I had a meeting in ½ hour. I'll read it later.

When I get back to N.Y., I'm going to subscribe. Impossible now.

Thank you again for such pleasure. I'm not usually a mag or picture fan, but your articles and pictures etc. really turn me on.

H.D.,  
NYC, NY

### REQUEST

Have just returned with my master from a physically exhausting (but, oh how satisfying!) trip to Boston's Eagle and Ramrod, New York's Mineshaft and Strap, Philadelphia's Cell Block, and Washington's Eagle, among others. What a fucking hot vacation, thanks to my generous master and a great number of hot studs.

However, I have one problem. My Master is now threatening to delay fucking me with his 10+" uncut cock if *Drummer* doesn't devote a feature article to the macho American male's favorite group, the macho Village People real soon. With tunes like San Francisco, Fire Island, Macho Man, and now Cruising and YMCA, and appearances in the afternoon, prime time, and midnight concerts on TV, why can't we see them in all their masculine glory in a feature article in everyone's favorite gay mag for the macho male — *Drummer*? With everyone beating his meat to their record album covers, think how hot everyone would get seeing them in *Drummer*!

Don't think I'm writing for everyone's benefit. Winters are damn long and fucking cold in Rochester, and the damned white stuff fell for the first time yesterday. A month here without a fuck from my Master would be too much to bear.

Keep up the good work and hurry with the Village People. Please!

M.P.  
Rochester, NY

*Rochester must get very cold. Our resident critic, to say nothing of all of us who saw The Village People in the Bay Area, thinks TVP sucks like a bad dad. — Ed.*

### OPENED IN AMERICA

I ordered several back issues, all but one arrived badly torn along the edge of the envelopes. I had no trouble removing the magazines from the wrappers. And strangely, there were no tears or marks on the magazines themselves.

Some were retaped with package tape. Since my little Yankee postmaster and general store has no tape of this kind I know his smiles were due to something other than reading your pages.

But, between you and my post office must be some horny clerk — unless someone is out to get you. Maybe you could use leather envelopes.

Take care, sure wouldn't want anything to happen to you.

R.B.,  
E. Glasynbury, CT

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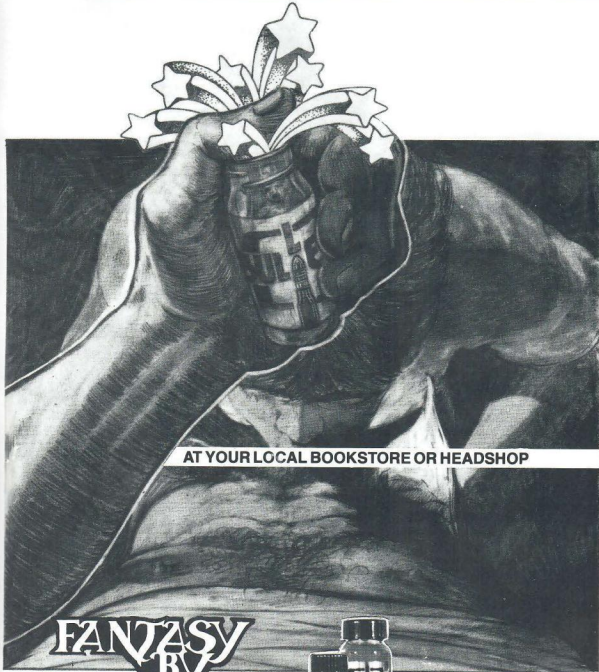
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# DRUMMER GOES TO THE DOCTOR

By Dr. Richard R. Hamilton

You say your ass is falling out? After a successful all-night orgy and fantasy trip, every guy feels this way. But usually your cooperative ass tucks back in and is ready for a new go-round next weekend.

When your ass is in trouble, though, you know it. If you're unlucky enough to slow down on douching for a while — long enough to store up a regular bowel movement — it won't look regular at all. Instead, it will look like brown ping pong balls or a moth-eaten chocolate banana instead of a well-packed Snickers bar. You notice some clear globs of mucus (not the solid white stuff; that's your fantasy again, men). And the globs may be flecked with yellow pus or red blood. To top off these joyful happenings, you may have gas that just doesn't stop. Maybe you "ain't never birthed no babies, Miss Scarlett," but shitting sure comes hard — like a Roman candle going off. The ultimate insult is the fruitless shit on the quarter hour and a dribble of pus and mucus on a chocolate drop when the clock strikes twelve. Man, that's trouble.

What's happening is that an old tropical disease, *amoebiasis*, is starting to make its home in your friendly asshole. This is a form of amoebic dysentery that is transmitted sexually. Rimmers take note: amoebiasis is caused by a shapeless blob of protoplasm that can come out of an infected ass with a protective shell that dissolves in the acid of your stomach. This carefully packed cyst can come wrapped in a ball of shit or hide in the petals of that beautiful blossom that we all worship so much. Another quick way to catch the rascal amoeba is by 69ing with a joy stick that has already been up an infected ass. And for those who cherish the notion that handballing is disease-free, forget it. An amoeba can hop an express train under your fingernails while you're ploughing some fine ass. Next stop: inside you, especially if you've never gotten over biting your nails.

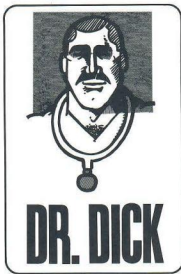
Do you have amoebiasis?

Let's find out. It often takes about three months from the time of joyfully acquiring the parasite (it doesn't eat much, and it doesn't get active until it's joined by large numbers of others — orgies always were better fun). You'll probably share your disease with several friends, especially if you get your ass frequently serviced, before the first symptoms develop. Fortunately, one cyst doesn't always a garden make. But if you frequent bath houses where handballing and immoderate drug use occur; suck cock in both houses, at orgies, or through glory holes; and eat ass, you are a prime candidate for a heavy case of amoebiasis.

---

## WHEN YOU FEEL LIKE THE LAST SIX INCHES OF YOUR ASS ARE FALL-LA-LA-LA-ING O-U-T!

---



A few more questions are important. When was the last time you were treated for gonorrhea? If you're getting clap more often than usual, it might mean that amoebas are an underlying problem. They can penetrate the mucous barrier of your ass to create an easier pathway for the gonococcus to enter. When douching or farting, do you detect a foul, metallic, smell? This occurs about the third month and may either mean you have 'em or need to eat two bran muffins or take metacumil to improve texture. (Yogurt and G-8 brewer's yeast tablets have the advantage of improving over-all ass odor but the disadvantage of increasing gas volume.) Finally, have you been finding that you just can't get enough of that three-letter joy — or can't find one big enough to satisfy you? This, of course, can either be out-and-out greed

or the slow, irritating process of the asshole cheering section — and I'm not referring to the clap.

So you've been fucked silly, washed all the foul shit down the drain, had the clap fixed four times in the past two months. What's next? There you are, sitting at home and wondering whether to wait any longer (little do you suspect that this is the fifth month of amoebic homesteading in your ass). You have a gut fear about what might or might not happen at that great custard pie in the sky — the doctor's office.

Whatever you do, swallow your Adam's apple along with your pride, take this article along with you, and get those ping pong balls analyzed for parasites. Further waiting may result in "lumps" (swellings) around amoebic ulcers. These lumps might make you think you have hemorrhoids. Talk about instant paranoia!

Home remedies can sometimes make an infected ass feel better temporarily, but they don't get at the root (you should pardon the expression) of the problem. Douching your ass in warm water three times a day can be soothing, but it doesn't cure the cause. Any old antibiotics left around may also make things feel better without a cure. The real cure process calls for submitting at least one and maybe three stool specimens to the lab as directed by your doctor. Depending on your age, he may decide to do a sigmoidoscopy and give a barium enema to look for cancer, too. I usually treat with tetracycline and flagyl or tetracycline and dirodoquin. Following treatment, symptoms are usually gone. If not, then we do further studies. For milder symptoms, pill curing (a Chinese herb), comfrey tea, fennel tea (especially to treat excess gas), and yogurt are particularly good for those post-treatment "blahs." Even though follow-up specimens may be negative, the medication sometimes leaves some irritation.

Amoebiasis is bad in several ways. It's spreading fast in San Francisco, and it must be controlled for the general good of the gay community. True, the chemicals needed for its cure are no fun to take. They can make you feel fairly rotten for twenty days or so. But the medication is nothing compared to the treatment for amoebiasis as late as 1929. Back then, doctors cut holes over the appendix into the colon to wash solutions back and forth between there and the asshole.

Today, things aren't so bad, treatment-wise. So get your tail to a doctor before it falls out. Keep yourself — and all your future lovers — happy.

Merry Christmas!

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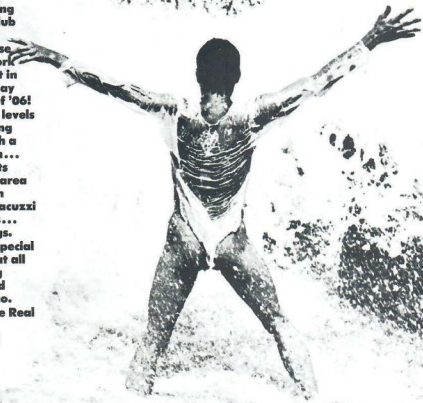


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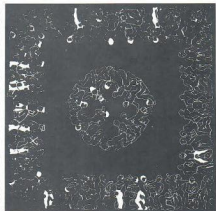
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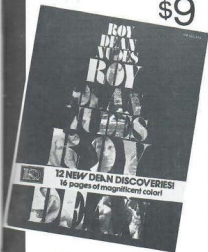
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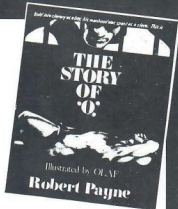
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DRUMMER 97

# SOCIAL NOTES

## DRUMMER GOES



# TO ITS OWN PARTY

When DRUMMER throws a party, everybody comes: in leather, denim, uniforms, chains, and flesh-flash. A Kid from Cincinnati thought he'd died and fallen into a reel of *Heaven Can Wait* so much was the macho, so many were the men, standing, chatting, paying occasional attention to the Living Sculpture chained spreadeagle to the wall over the mantle.

Models and men rubbed elbows and coddpieces with bodybuilders and filmmakers. The Cincinnati Kid suddenly realized that DRUMMER is not all fiction. "You guys live the reality you write about," he said. "The Catacombs, the Quarters — all these places really exist!"

"Betcher ass," said the DI in charge of the Quarters' slaves who served the reception. He handed the Kid an application card for putting in some "hard time" at the Quarters.

The Cincinnati Kid blushed.

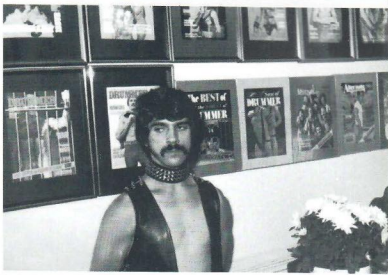
A mustached six-two Dutch Marine, who wears almost the identical uniform as the USMC, smiled knowingly at the Kid. The Flying Dutchman was cruising the crowd for recruits for training at his own regimental stockade where discipline is administered in full uniform up until total wet stripdown.

Lockstrap lovers cupped pouches no Speed Queen ever washed. Watersportsmen searched the pools of one another's eyes. Handballers asked bodybuilders how big was their glove size. Size fans sniffed out the tasteful difference between the Cut and the Uncut. Fantasy lovers met the artists, photographers,

and writers who create the erotica that fuels the j/o nights in Philly, Fargo, Fresno, Frankfurt, and Fukuoka.

The moon was full. Some men left alone, grinning, with DRUMMER's Third Anniversary issue or SON OF DRUMMER. Some men left in pairs: red handkerchief on the left working it out with a yellow on the right. Some left in groups trundled off in pickup trucks to

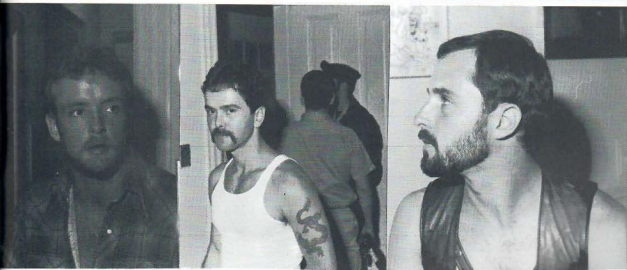
Upper right—Slave David acted as greeter at the front door. Later he doubled as bartender, relieving slave Dan, who was connected to the ceiling.



the Full Moon Party at the Black and Blue.

Some say, after most of the guests left, that the very large party scaled itself down to a small soiree of Tops and Bottoms who left to dance all night.

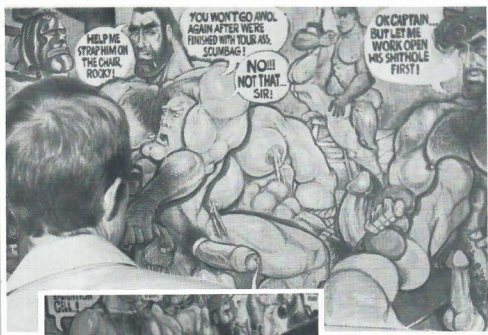
"And, boy!" as the Cincinnati Kid stuttered in white-line fever amazement, "can those DRUMMER boys fu-fu-fu-foxtrot!"



Robert Dunn admires a living decoration installed over the fireplace in the DRUMMER offices. The setting was changed every hour with each of the attendants taking his turn.

Above—Guests from Castro, the Brothel Hotel and Gay Life magazine respectively, brightened the guest list.

# DRUMMER'S ANNIVERSARY PARTY



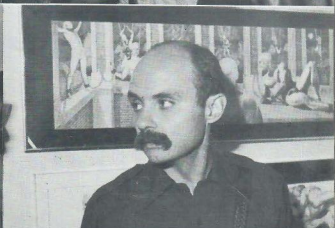
Left—A. Jay stands intently in front of one of his murals in the art department as (Above) a viewer ponders it all.



Marj, first lady of typesetting, guards a bathtub of very cold refreshments. Contrary to rumor, Marj never once fell in.

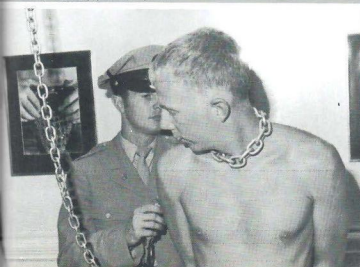


Slave John bends over on his way to dispensing munchies to an admiring audience.



Upper left—Artist Charles Rozema, PRIDE Chairman Paul Hardman, photographer Jerry Pritiken and writer Frank O'Rourke line up behind the cage to discuss the action.  
Upper right—A DRUMMER enthusiast poses handsomely for photographer David Sparrow.

Next row—Mr. Gay Life charms publisher John Embry. Right—A pansive editor Jack Fritscher poses in front of a panel by Olaf.  
Belowleft—Slave Dan is secured to his bartender post by Sales Director Robert Dunn  
Below right—John Adams of David Warner Studios







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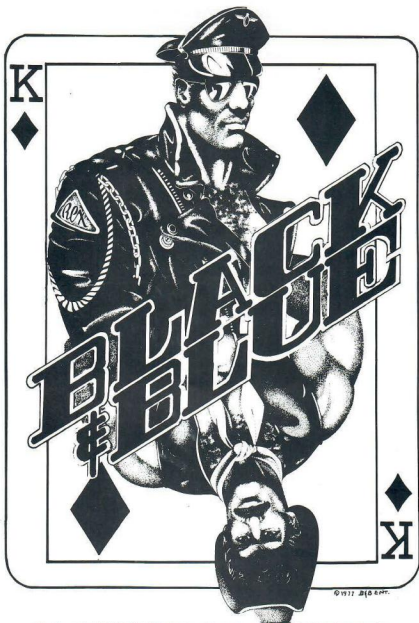
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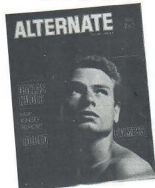
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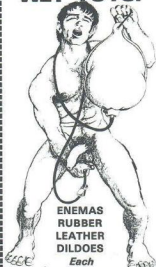
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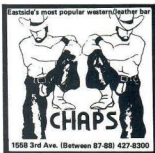
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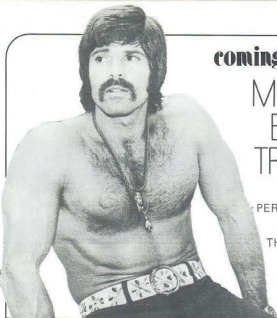
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# SLEEP IN HEAVENLY PEACE

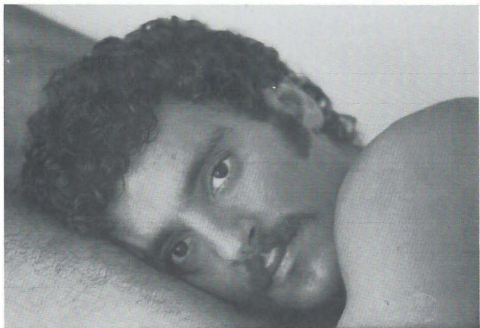


Photo: J. Trojanaki

Tonight was our first time together: Christmas Eve.

"Let's go home," you said. "Let's go to my place."

You didn't say, "Hey, let's go fuck!" So I smiled and followed you silently into the night. All year long I've seen you standing around The Ramrod looking tough. I wanted you. I wanted to touch you through your leathers.

Once last summer I caught a glimpse of your sweaty pex and shoulders and arms. I wanted to hold on to you. Even more, I wanted you to hold me. But summer left. Fall came. You disappeared for awhile. Now this winter you've come back.

You looked at me. For once, I pinned on my balls; I returned your stare. You looked hard, experienced, disciplined, gentle. My cock hardened. I wanted you more.

"Come home with me," you said. "We'll build a fire. You can see my tree."

I wanted sex. I needed a little TLC. You seemed to suggest something sex sometimes lacks during the holidays. Genuine masculine affection.

You broke out your best wine. We shared a smoke.

Your muscular arms embraced me. Held me. You, a leather man, held me. Your face filled me with trust. I opened to you, silently, while the FM played stereo carols.

You gave me tenderness: tenderly you slipped your dick wet from my mouth into my willing ass; tenderly you greased your strong, pliable hand and filled me full of your strength;

more tenderly you slipped your dick into your hand inside my ass and jerked yourself off inside of me. The throes of your coming triggered my load out and up my belly, onto my chest, all the way to my face where you kissed and licked my seed through your thick moustache into your warm mouth.

Now you're laid back asleep. Your tree glows. Your fireplace warms me. My face feels good against your drowsy belly. You're an experienced leather guy. I'm new to it all. I like it, I like you. I guess even a leather man is allowed to get a little sentimental during the holidays.

I'll lie here awhile, dozing with you, keeping watch with you by night, and in the morning it will be Christmas.

You'll make strong black coffee. Your big cock will swing easy between your thighs. We'll shower.

I'll offer to drop you by the friends you promised to visit as I go on my way to visit the friends I promised to visit.

You'll say you will call me in the afternoon to see how I'm doing.

"Fine," I'll say.

I never lie.

I loved hundreds of men this last year and I'll love hundreds more in the year to come; but right now with you, with my head on your belly, because I am with you, because of what tonight has passed between us man-to-man, because I nearly always love the man I'm with, I love you now.

And that's, omigod, enough.

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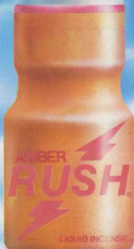


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